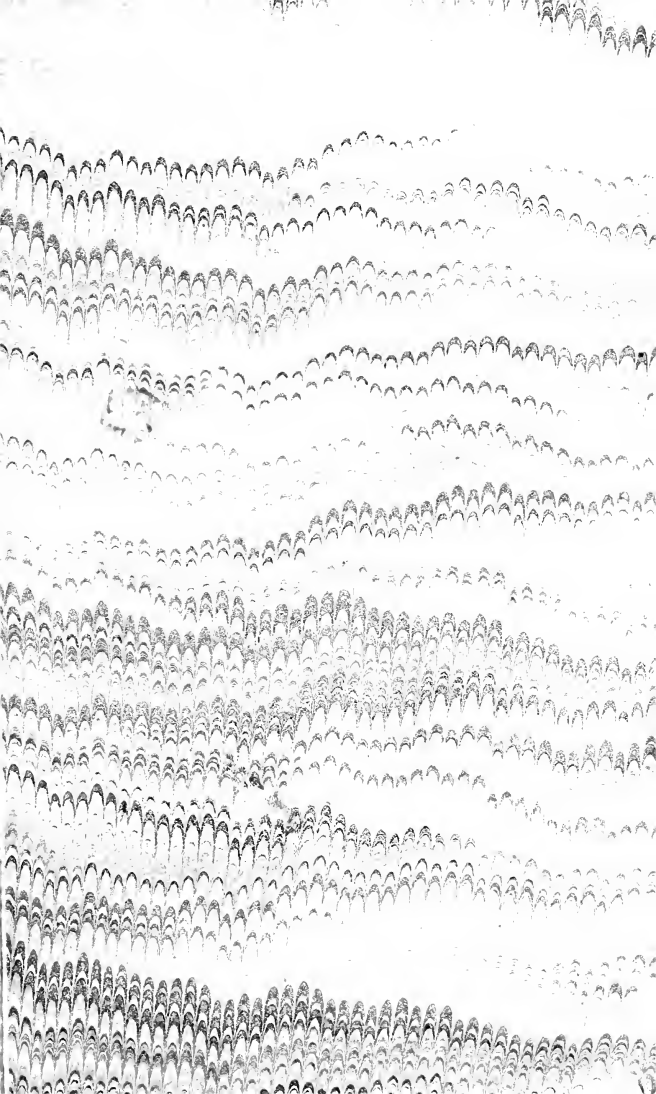


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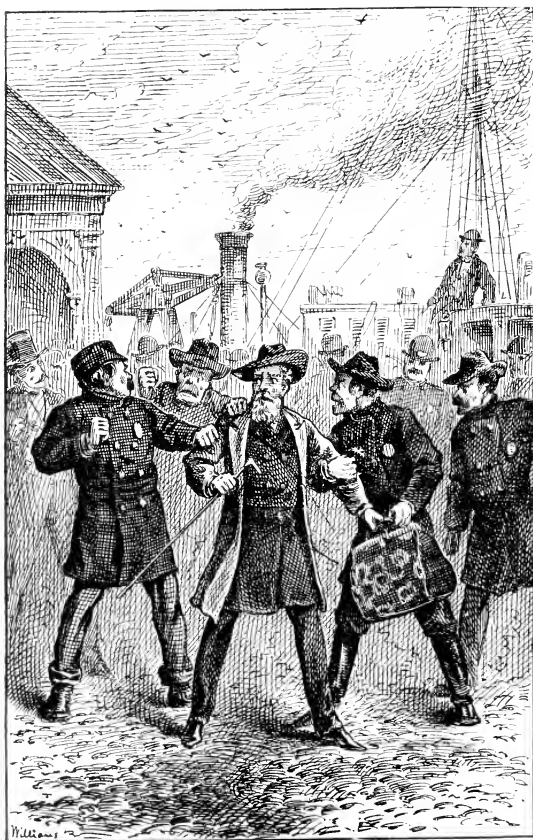
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INNOCENTS *FROM* ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE BIG POND.



T was a tolerably pleasant, though rather windy, day in the early part of March, 1876, that the fine steamer "Asiatic," steering westward on the broad Atlantic, bounded along on her course toward New York. On the after part of the upper deck two gentlemen were making an earnest and determined effort to exercise their legs, but the difficulties under which they labored were really painful to witness. They were evidently father and son, as both had the same general cast of features, although the elder of the two was much darker than the other. They were manifestly landsmen, as their involuntary and uncer-

tain evolutions were such as would never have been indulged in by any accustomed to travel on the sea.

Their usual serenity was at present much disturbed, as, holding desperately on to their hats and to each other, they sometimes scudded down steep declivities and anon mounted laboriously sharp ascents, while the great iron monster, propelled by a mysterious power, glided through the water, rising and writhing, like some huge serpent. But amidst all their troubles there was a tender familiarity between the two that was exceedingly charming, a loving respect from the young man toward his father, and a confiding admiration on the part of the parent toward his son.

"The wind seems rising," said the elder, bending his head and catching his breath.

"Yes, indeed; it blows a gale," replied his companion, taking a fresh grip on his hat.

"You see now, my son, how nature mocks the feeble efforts of man to control her forces. Here! let us brace ourselves against this mast and rest a moment. This great iron ship, when we approached her in the harbor at Liverpool, as she appeared then, more than four hundred feet long and capable of carrying nearly five thousand tons burden, how

immense ! how immovable she seemed ! and yet you see now the veriest cork could scarcely be buffeted worse."

"True," answered the young man. "Ha ! hold hard !" he exclaimed suddenly, as a wave, striking the vessel squarely amidships, caused her to pause and quiver from stem to stern.

The older gentleman turned pale, not so much from fright, as from an internal agitation of a different kind. His breakfast had at that moment been seized with a most absurd ambition to rise in the world, and could not be kept down. Suddenly the two involuntarily left the mast, and made a most alarming bolt toward the side of the vessel. Bringing up with considerable force against the shrouds, the father at the after side, the young man at the forward, the former stood gasping, with his head thrust forth, while his whole frame heaved in convulsive agony. The son, unable to be of any assistance, clung to his parent in anxious, though sympathetic silence.

"It is in vain for man to resist the elements," sighed the poor gentleman, in the intervals free from the returning paroxysms, as he dolefully wiped his eyes and mouth.

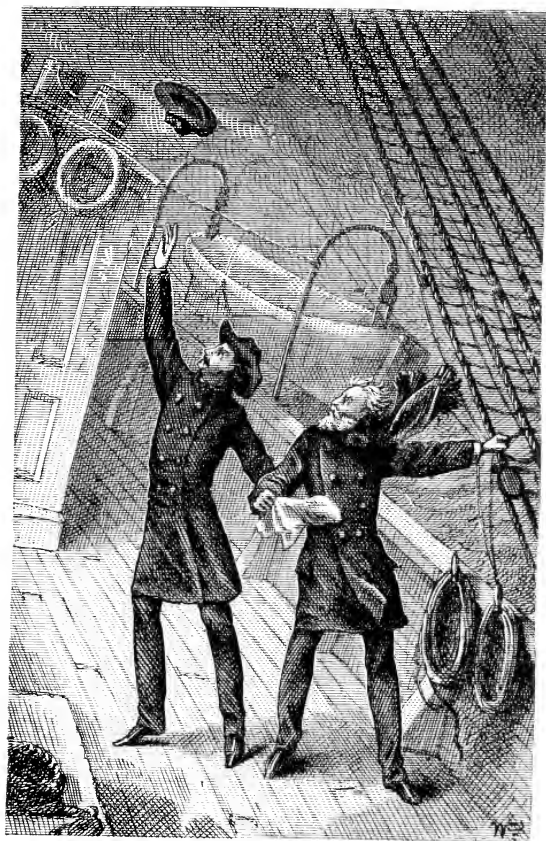
He was clinging to the shrouds with his left hand, and as in his action with his handkerchief he was forced to release his hat, that playful article suddenly bounded aloft with all the gayety of a young colt just let out to pasture.

“Alas! too true!” exclaimed the young man, with a half smile, answering his father’s last remark.

The old gentleman, who seemed for a moment overwhelmed by his misfortunes, with his ample and benevolent brow bared to the blast, stood gazing upward in blank despair, as the unruly hat, whirled far above and made indistinct by distance, was now circling in eccentric evolutions around the main truck. It resembled, as nearly as anything, some new species of ocean fowl—the wild harbinger of a coming storm.

“The sea is no respecter of persons, my son,” said the parent, recovering himself at length. “Let us go below.”

The buffeted and badly-treated couple with uncertain steps sought the entrance to the cabin. They did not reach it, however, before describing many a strange curve and angle, many an involuntary halt and precipitate start. Reach it, however, they did at length, when stretching them-



selves flat upon their backs in their respective berths, they sought to alleviate, as much as possible, the usual effect of an angry sea upon the susceptible systems of landsmen.

Señor Alvarez, the elder of our two travelers, was born upon his father's extensive plantation in Brazil, in the province of Sao Paulo. His father, long since dead, was a Portugese gentleman, who had emigrated to the new world, with some money and a fine library. He had bought his plantation, established successfully the cultivation of coffee, become enamored with a beautiful Coromantine, his slave, whom he freed and married, and Pedro was the fruit of the union. A man of large ideas and extensive knowledge, the elder Alvarez had sought early to impress the same upon the eager mind of his son.

Brought up, therefore, upon the borders of the Tropic of Capricorn, under the shadow of the luxuriant orange groves, secluded both by inclination and necessity from any extensive communion with his equals, surrounded by books, the young Pedro had early imbibed a desire for knowledge, and had been an extensive reader of the world's history. He had his theories of life and had formed his ideal of

men and things. His father had taught him French, and a young American lady whom he had happily married, had greatly assisted him to acquire English.

The famous exclamation of Hamlet had always charmed him : "What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form, and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god !" And a certain passage in one of the papers of the old *Tatler*, which his wife had pointed out to him, seemed to him to be particularly worthy of admiration : "I must confess there is nothing more pleases me in all I read in books or see among mankind than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. The finest writers of antiquity have taken it on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious."

The young man, Juan, was the only son born to him by his beloved wife, and him he labored hard to form after his own ideas. Quick-witted and

teachable, the handsome youth was quite as amiable as his father, while possessing a more buoyant disposition, and a keener sense of humor. His mother had died when he was a small boy, and having no one else to depend upon, a most loving attachment had grown up between his father and himself.

Alvarez had long entertained the most exalted admiration for the United States, its people, its government, and its institutions. He was thoroughly acquainted with its brief though remarkable history, and in his extensive reading, had formed a personal acquaintance, so to speak, with our great men of the past. He regarded the Declaration of Independence as the most wonderful of documents, not only for the principles it embodied, but for its masterly presentation of them, and frequently remarked to his son that he would rather be the man that penned that instrument, even should he not be worth a milrea, than to be the undisputed owner of the vast estate left him by his father. The keynote of the paper, that "all men are created free and equal," seemed to make an especial impression upon him. Though the owner of slaves, and himself the son of a favored freed woman, who had originally been brought from Africa, he seemed not

to take the colored race into consideration, by a strange inconsistency very similar to that of some of the celebrated signers to the document he so much admired. However, he was so kind-hearted himself, and treated his bondmen with so much consideration, that he never seemed to imagine that he was doing them, or any one else, any wrong.

Alvarez, after teaching his son all that he could from books, resolved to set out on a tour with him, to see the actual world of which he knew very little himself. He had decided to make no extended trip through Europe before visiting the United States. He had conceived a deep admiration for our country, and he had determined to see that first. Being forced to go to England in order to get by steamer to the land he was prepared to admire so much, he had remained there but a few days before embarking to recross the Atlantic. He had in his mind rather an extended purpose of going round the world, by the way of California, Japan, China, India, Egypt, Europe, and so on back to Brazil, but above all, and before all, he wished to see, and study, with his son, the great country formed by the Union of States. The enthusiasm of the father was only equalled by the glowing eagerness of the son.

A day or so out from Liverpool, the weather being pleasant and the sea smooth, Alvarez had given vent, in the smoking-room, to some of the admiration he felt for the land that gave birth to Washington. He was expatiating most eloquently upon the ingenuity, energy, and enterprise of the people, when the purser of the ship, a most intense and pugnacious Englishman, had burst into his theories with some startling facts.

“Enterprising!” cried he. “Why, man, your own country should teach you better than that! Your nation buys about a hundred millions in various goods from other countries, of which you get less than eight millions from the Yankees, while, at the same time, they have to come to you for over forty million of your produce. And this applies to almost every other South American State. Besides this, you have had to take a steamer to England to get to New York, and have embarked now on another *English* steamer to get across the Atlantic. Pshaw! man, don’t talk about the Yankees, when they have no ships and not brains enough to get the trade which lies at their very doors.”

Alvarez was silenced by this unexpected present-

ation of things, and still more embarrassed when Juan put in :

“How is that, my father? Do not the Americans know how to build steamers or to run them?”

“No nation better,” answered he in some confusion. “They were the first to bring steam navigation to perfection.”

The conversation ended there for that day, with the amiable Brazilian a little staggered, and Juan’s curiosity greatly aroused. The enthusiasm of both, however, soon recovered, and they were on a tiptoe of expectation to see the land they were so rapidly approaching.

After Alvarez and his son had descended to their stateroom on the day when we first made their acquaintance, the wind had continued to increase from the Northwest, and during the night blew a gale. By daylight it had decreased some, but the sky was still sullen and the waves ran high. On the morning of the second day, however, the wind had changed to the South and the sun came out cheerfully. The decks were soon bright with the passengers, glad to emerge from their confinement below. Brisk walking, pitching rings made of rope, going up the ratlins hand over hand, with

many other trials of skill or strength, were now in order, and indulged in with much gay talking and laughter.

Alvarez came forth at length, supported by his son. He looked much thinner, and his countenance was rendered more pale by the tight skull cap he wore, in place of the felt hat so provokingly lost. The fresh air soon revived him a little, and the bright sun cheered him up. He began to feel himself grow stronger and brighter at each turn he took in his walk. Suddenly he was nearly felled to the ground by a hearty clap on the back, while at the same time a good-natured voice cried out :

“Ha! all right again, eh! Weathered it through, did you?”

Gasping for breath, and just able to stand in his weakened state, Alvarez turned to the party from whence this extremely cordial greeting came, and saw one of his fellow passengers with whom he had formed a slight acquaintance.

“Really, sir, your salutation being so unexpected, I—I—”

“Been pretty well shaken up, eh!” cried the other, a man of medium height, rather showily dressed, with a blazing diamond in his bosom, and

having an independent, devil-may-care sort of way with him. "Reckon you haven't roughed it much, Colonel!"

Though a little in doubt as to just what his fellow passenger meant, Juan ventured to answer for his father, who had scarcely yet recovered his breath.

"This is the first trip of any consequence," said he, "my father has ever made. We've lived on land all our lives."

"Well, I thought so. I haven't, you see. My name is Wilkens, and I am a pure Yank—sitting still in one place is not my little game. I was spawned in Connecticut, born in Jersey, brought up in Kentuck, and have lived in every State in the Union."

"You *have* been active," said Alvarez with a smile.

"Well, I guess so. I was a sutler in our army for awhile, till uncle Ben Butler made it a little too warm for us, when I pulled up stakes and dug out. I run a gunboat on James River after that, but when old Lee caved, my services were no longer required."

"Your experience has indeed been most remark-

able," said the Brazilian, regarding Wilkens with increasing wonder.

"I heard about the diamond fields in South Africa a year or so ago, so I headed for there. Scraped up a pocket full of the shiners, and I have just been driving some bargains with the Jews of Houndsditch. I'm afraid I've been a little too many for the children of Israel," and Wilkens gave the Brazilian a most knowing and expressive wink, as he took out his tobacco-box and rolled up an enormous quid.

The simple-minded gentleman began to regard him as a natural phenomenon.

"I didn't get your name yet, Colonel," exclaimed Wilkens, after a short pause, giving two or three scientific squirts of tobacco juice.

"I am known at home as Pedro Alvarez," answered the other.

"Good! Hal Avery is good! And this is a chip off the old block, I reckon."

"Yes! my son and myself are out on our travels to pick up a few ideas."

"That's right, Hal! you're heading right. Get him over in the States; we'll polish him up. We'll

give him a rubbing that'll make him shine like a nigger's heel."

After a little more conversation, the self-reliant Wilkens, who had all along adopted a manner toward Alvarez as if he had been an overgrown schoolboy, turned into the smoking room, and was soon earnestly engaged in a game of draw poker with an ambitious young Englishman.





CHAPTER II.

AN ESCAPE FROM SHARKS.



THREE mornings afterward, when our travelers came on deck, they discovered land in the distance, to the North. Upon inquiry of the officer in charge of the watch, they ascertained that the ship was hugging the lower coast of Long Island, and would probably sight the Highland Lights in the early afternoon. At the first view of the United States, however distant and indistinct, all the enthusiasm of Alvarez was rekindled, and the eagerness of Juan knew no bounds. Glass in hand the father concentrated his gaze upon every object, however minute, and was full of inquiry upon everything which in any way excited his curiosity. Wilkens was on

hand to answer all questions and make any statement that the situation seemed to require.

"That is Long Island, they tell me," said the Brazilian.

"Certainly," answered the self-styled Yankee. "Don't you see how long it is?"

"No ; how long is it?"

"Well, I never measured it, but about a thousand mile, I reckon."

"Indeed ! It contains some interesting places, I presume."

"Oh, la, yes ! There's Southold and Cutchogue, Hunter's Pint and Cooney Island."

"Strange names."

"Yes, but stranger places !"

"Your American duties are high, I am told ; I suppose the officers are very strict."

"Well, I guess so, Colonel. Have you got any friends over in the city that you have written to you're coming, and had 'em go and see the officer?"

"I don't know a soul in the country."

Wilkins gave a lugubrious whistle.

"Well, my lad !" said he, "they'll just go for you with a sharp stick."

“Why?” asked Alvarez in some alarm. “I haven’t done anything.”

“That don’t make any difference, greenhorn, whether you’ve done anything or got anything; they’ll go through you from A to Z. Like enough they’ll make you strip off and then take a piece of sand-paper and rub you down to find out whether you have concealed anything about you.”

“Santo Maria! and this in a land of freedom!”

“Oh! the boys like to show their zeal, you know, when they get a good chance. But have you got any new *duds* in your baggage?”

“Well, no, I can’t say as I have,” answered Alvarez. “I bought a half dozen new shirts in London which I haven’t yet worn.”

“What! brand new! never had ’em on?”

“No, sir.”

“Why man! they’ll be confiscated sure. You’d better bring ’em out here on deck and let us tramp around on ’em awhile, to take off the fresh look.”

Alvarez pondered on this proposition some time in considerable bewilderment, not knowing exactly what to do. He was inclined to place considerable reliance on the advice of Wilkens, as he judged him to be a man of shrewd practical common sense.

After holding a long consultation with Juan, in Portuguese, he concluded, however, to take his chances with his baggage as it was.

Shortly after the twelve o'clock lunch the Navesink Highlands were seen looming up in the distance, and in a half hour or so, the twin light-houses could be made out. Wilkens was busy getting up a pool based on the number of the pilot boat that should board the ship. There being *twenty-two* pilot boats belonging to the port, numbered from *one* upward, it was proposed that an equal number of gentlemen should deposit a half crown each, selecting his boat, and the lucky man, whose selection proved correct, should "scrape the pile." Two of the boats were already seen in the distance, one to windward, the other to leeward, making for the steamer. After getting his list of subscriptions filled up, Wilkens took in several small bets, as to which of the two boats already in sight should reach them first. Alvarez good-naturedly took a share in the pool, but declined to bet further.

The steamer kept on her course, and the two boats rapidly neared her. After a while, however, the one to leeward, although having head start gave

up the chase, and the other was quickly alongside. Wilkens was found to have made a double hit, he had won his outside bets, and the number of the boat likewise proved to be the lucky one in the pool which he had taken. Alvarez had come within one of it.

“Just as the husband said about twins, when his wife presented him with a fine baby,” remarked Wilkens, encouragingly.

As the pilot came up over the side with his hand full of newspapers, a grand rush was made for him by the gentlemen passengers. Debarred from all news for a week or more, they all appeared to be starving for information. Wilkens didn't seem to care what was going on in the world, but paced backward and forward good-naturedly, clinking the accumulated half crowns in his pocket.

“Is the harbor so dangerous that a pilot is an absolute necessity?” asked Alvarez.

“Not at all,” replied Wilkens. “The channel is a little mite crooked, and a big ship can't get over the bar at low tide ; but there is not a captain, that has been in the port two or three times, but what can bring his vessel in just as good as a pilot.”

“What do they take a pilot for, then?”

“They’ve got to. The pilots have got ’em where their hair’s short. A vessel can’t get any insurance unless they take a pilot. And the first pilot that boards a ship takes possession and brings her in.”

“Ah! I see.”

By this time they were close upon the coast.

“You see that big steamer there ashore?” asked Wilkens, pointing a little to the South’ard.

“Yes; what is she doing there?”

“Give it up! She’s the Ameriky.”

“How did she get there?”

“New York pilot. The pilot gets her on, and a Salvage Company gets her off, and everything is lovely all around.”

“Very singular!” exclaimed the Brazilian, a little puzzled at the matter-of-fact way in which his friend stated these things.

“Turn your glass further South, a little way past the Long Branch Hotels there, and tell me what you see.”

Alvarez looked intently a few moments, and then exclaimed:

“By San Paulo! another large steamer.”

“Exactly.”

“Well, how did she get there—another pilot?”

“Some say so. I won’t.”

“Well, indeed! The ways of Providence are mysterious!”

“Yes, but some of the ways of the Yanks are more so.”

Alvarez, being half inclined to admit this latter fact, resumed his glass. Approaching land from the east, the Highlands seemed to slope down directly to the ocean, with a narrow sandy strip at their feet. As the ship neared the bar the pilot said there was not yet water enough for her to cross, and so she was forced to tack backward and forward, an hour or so, to await the movement of the tide. Finally she headed up the channel, and as she rounded Sandy Hook, and stood up the lower bay, Alvarez was surprised to discover quite a large river, separating the strip of sand from the high ground beyond. His friend Wilkens informed him it was the Shrewsbury. As they passed the ruins of a large fort at the point of the sandy cape, the Brazilian had recourse again to his friend.

“These must be very old,” said he, pointing to the ruins.

“Not at all, Colonel. Only a few years since it was started.”

“What’s the matter, then?”

“Abandoned. Spent a few millions and then let her slide. Foundation not found solid.”

“Why didn’t they investigate that before commencing the work?”

“Got me again, Colonel. Give it up.”

Thinking the Americans must have some theory of doing things of which they only knew the secret, Alvarez asked no more questions, but continued with his son to be on the *qui vive* for anything of interest.

While the ship was proceeding up the Bay, the purser furnished the passengers with blanks, upon which to set forth a full statement of their baggage, number of packages, contents and so on. As our two travelers were laboriously and anxiously studying this paper in their state-room Wilkens came along. Upon inquiry as to how he had written his, he pulled it out of his pocket all crumpled up with a lot of other papers.

“There she is, Colonel, I intend to take it home and have it framed.”

“But how will you pass your baggage, then?”

Wilkins made no answer, but gave one of his most surprising winks and passed on.

As the great steamer passed through the Narrows, it was growing quite dark. She was boarded at the same time by the health officer and custom-house official, the former of which, after a few casual questions and a slight show of examination, went ashore.

The gentleman representing the customs department took his seat in the cabin and had the passengers, like culprits, approach in a line with their documents one by one. Alvarez took his place with fear and trembling. He had made his statement out with the most scrupulous care, and being much in doubt about that half-dozen shirts had put them under the head of dutiable articles. He was a simple man in his habits and dress, and had instilled the same ideas into the mind of his son. Their entire baggage consisted of but a trunk between them and a satchel apiece. Wilkins was just ahead in the line, moving up in his free-and-easy way. When it came to his turn, he took the officer by the hand and gave him a hearty shaking up.

“Brown, my lad ! how is it going ?”

“Well, sir! quite well! But really you have the advantage.”

“Wilkins—Jim Wilkens. That’s my name. You haven’t forgotten me, have you?”

“Wilkins! ah, no! here’s a letter for you, Mr. Wilkens. Step one side.”

The gentleman addressed gave one of his usual knowing glances to Alvarez, as he stepped out of the line and took a seat. So much time had elapsed before the officer was through, that he said it was too late to pass any baggage that night. The captain concluded, as they had dropped anchor for the health officer, to remain down in the Bay till morning, before steaming up to the dock. The custom-house officer, however, offered to take anyone up to the city, without baggage, that had any special desire to go and spend the night. Wilkens and some others availed themselves of this opportunity and stepped aboard the tug-boat in waiting.

Juan paced the deck with his father after night-fall and gazed earnestly at the great array of lights gleaming in the distance. The long pointed lines of New York stretching far down into the Bay, with the semi-circular curve of Brooklyn on one side and the lesser lights of Jersey City on the other. Their

hearts were too full for utterance. The goal was now within their reach. This was the land toward which they had strained their eyes so long. This the nation, founded by the virtue of Washington, the genius of Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton and their associates, that Alvarez had taught his son to look for that perfection in institutions, that honor and industry among the people to which other countries could lay no claim.

Morning broke rather dull, as the steamer got under way and slowly proceeded up toward her wharf on the Hudson river. As the hills were bleak and bare, the fine harbor did not show to advantage, but our travelers, being prepared to admire everything, readily admitted its natural advantages, and agreed it surpassed even their own bay at Rio Janeiro. At length the great ship, after many laborious maneuvers, was made fast to the wharf, at that time filled with eager friends and numerous deputy inspectors. The eyes of the latter gentlemen glistened like those of vultures are supposed to do when they sight a fallen carcass.

The covered dock was soon the scene of the most bustling confusion. Alvarez and Juan, watching everything with interest, were jostled hither

and thither, as wives rushed to greet their husbands and children their parents. As certain men lighted on what baggage had been hoisted out of the hold amidst the turmoil, the Brazilian gentleman thought their action was suspicious. One or two were so particularly villainous-looking that he was sure they must be outlaws taking advantage of the confused landing to rob the trunks. He sent Juan, therefore, to speak to a stout gentleman in blue coat and brass buttons quietly on the subject.

“What’s that!” cried the party addressed. “Is it thim then? Sure, but they’re the deputy inspecthers, man.”

Thus reassured, the young man sought his father and told him it was all right. They then stood together watching the scene around them. There was one lot of sixteen trunks brought out for one party—man, wife and daughter. The inspector detailed for the lot proceeded to open the first trunk with alacrity, the proper one being unlocked by the owner. The lid was no sooner raised, however, than it was quickly shut, but not in time to prevent the quick eyes of Juan from seeing a green bill, marked twenty, on top of the clothing. The lid was then raised more cautiously, a hand

slipped in, the contents of the trunk fumbled over, and the trunk quickly scratched with chalk as passed. The fifteen companion trunks were likewise rapidly scratched, without the formality of opening.

Another trunk, one of a lot of ten, upon being opened, disclosed a city business card, which the inspector put in his pocket with a nod and a smile to the owner. The whole lot was quickly passed. Other poor wretches, the Brazilians noticed, who had but one trunk, were most rigidly overhauled, as if to pay them off for presuming to come over with such a paltry lot of property. Our gentlemen were so intent upon watching the others, that for a while they forgot all about their own baggage, but at length recognizing it, stepped up to claim it.

"This your lot, sir?" said a man, who resembled a highwayman, with a cock in his eye.

"Yes, sir," answered Alvarez, promptly.

"Well, slap her open, and be lively about it."

The Brazilian hastened to unlock the trunk rather nervously.

"Anything dutiable?"

"Nothing but second-hand clothing, writing

materials, medicine, and so on, *except* a half dozen new shirts never worn."

"Ah, well! We'll see." And the zealous officer proceeded to pile out the clothing and other things around on the dock with most startling rapidity. Alvarez ran one way, and Juan the other, to head off some refractory articles which were about rolling into the water. The benevolent gentleman almost lost patience, when a horse planted his great hoof squarely in the back of his dress coat, which he had brought along for possible state occasions. Before he had time to remonstrate, however, a truck backed into him from behind, and sent him sprawling on top of his own trunk. The driver cursed him emphatically as he was picking himself up, for his carelessness in getting in the road, and drove off.

"I want ten dollars duty for these shirts," said the inspector, at length.

"Why! how is that, sir?" put in Juan. "My father only paid five shillings each for them in London. What is the rate on them?"

"Come, come, gents, time's short—I can't stop to teach you the tariff. Hand me two dollars and a

half, and call it square. Do it quick, and quiet, too—do you mind?”

Alvarez, somewhat bruised and disordered in his dress, did as directed, and had his trunk marked passed. As he and Juan slowly collected the scattered articles and packed them away, he could not help being surprised at what seemed to him a rather irregular method of collecting the duty. He could not exactly understand how mistakes could be prevented from creeping in, when so much was apparently left to the discretion of the examiners. However, he concluded there must be some clue to the difficulty which he had not yet mastered.





CHAPTER III.

ADrift IN GOTHAM.



AFTER all the articles were neatly packed away, and the trunk once more strapped and locked, Alvarez and his son began to feel a little more comfortable. Leaving Juan to watch the large baggage, the older gentleman took a bag in his hand, and proceeded up the dock to look for a carriage. He had no sooner emerged from under the cover, and evinced from his manner that he wanted a conveyance than he was at once surrounded by a vociferous crowd of hackmen. Had he suddenly surprised a camp of wild savages, he could not have been more amazed or alarmed.

“Carriage, sir ; want a carriage?”

"Cab, sir ; here you are, sir."

"This way for a coach, sir."

The yells were terrific, while the attitudes and manner of the men were so aggressive, that the poor gentleman stood trembling and uncertain. Suddenly one man took hold of one arm, drawing him to the left, and a second took hold of the other and dragged him to the right. During the confusion a third man quietly grasped his satchel, and walked off to his coach with it. For a time the right hand man, who was the strongest, had rather the best of the tussle, and was gradually drawing Alvarez in his direction, but the other individual managed to maintain his ground pretty well by a series of vigorous jerks. The bewildered Brazilian felt his breath come short and his strength leaving him.

"Let go the gintleman, ye villain !" shouted driver number *one*, on one side his head.

"Let go yerself, thin, ye spalpeen ! I had him first," yelled number *two*, at the other side.

"Y' lie, yer black-hearted son of a pauper !"

"Come out here, thin, y' coward, y' ! I'll soon put a head on ye."

"Be gorra ! thin the best man has him."

Alvarez suddenly found himself at liberty with

a jerk, and the two infuriated cabmen flew into each other, tooth and nail. The man who had walked off with the satchel quietly showed the gentleman into his coach, shut the door, jumped on his box, and quickly drove down on the dock abreast the steamer. Juan was soon inside and the trunk taken care of.

Directing him to drive to the Mansion House, of which he had heard on the steamer, Alvarez leaned back in the carriage, already somewhat done up by his first rather violent experience on American soil. The two pugilistic cabmen were found to be in charge of an officer. They were vehemently explaining their relative positions, both at the same time, which rendered it a little difficult to get at the merits of the case.

As the carriage, after floundering through the rough and dirty streets which lay near the wharf, finally emerged into Broadway and turned down town, our travelers could not help gazing at the fine stores and tremendous activity of all around with pleasure, and feeling that now indeed they were in the midst of the metropolis of a great nation. The bustling life was inspiring, while the whirl and noise almost deafening. They passed

one great store after another, Stewart's marble palace, the celebrated Court-House, City Hall, and massive granite Post-Office, and finally drew up in front of the hotel.

Alvarez had been discussing on the way down, how that here at least all persons were free and had equal privileges and rights. He remained behind to settle with the coachman, while he sent Juan ahead to secure rooms. The light and graceful young man, with his fine face and expressive eyes, sprang quickly up the steps and disappeared.

"How much, my man?" asked the Brazilian of the driver.

The man surveyed him thoughtfully for a while, as if making a mental calculation or taking his measure, before answering.

"Siven dollars and a half, sir."

"What! So much for twenty minutes' ride?"

"Ay, mon. Do y' want to be ridin' all day?"

"Why, in London the ride wouldn't be over two shillings!"

"Get out of that! Sure yer in a free country now; we're after gettin' paid here for our work."

"Where's your card of rates, then?"

"Like the Dutchman's anchor, be gorra! at home.

Ye'll find it all square, capt'in; fork over and let me be after goin'!"

Somewhat astonished at the largeness of the charge and mentally calculating that he wouldn't be able to ride often, or his funds would soon be eaten up, he paid the man and let him go, while the hotel porter seized his trunk. He was met on the steps by Juan, who told him they would have the choice of several rooms which were vacant. As Alvarez approached the office, the brisk clerk, dressed in the height of fashion, his hair parted in the middle, with stand-up collar, and watch-chain and locket conspicuously displayed, took one glance at the swarthy countenance of the Brazilian and superciliously awaited his arrival.

"My father will look at those rooms, please," said Juan, "as we intend to stay some time."

"Our rooms are all full, sir," said the clerk, firmly.

"Full, sir! Why, not five minutes ago you told me you had plenty of rooms."

"They are now all taken."

"What! All taken while I went to the foot of the stairs and back again."

"Yes, sir."

"You do things quick here, my friend," put in Alvarez.

"Yes, sir, we have our own way of doing things," said the clerk. As he turned away our travelers heard him mutter to the bookkeeper: "Curse me if I'll take him, the confounded nigger!"

Surprised and mortified at this remark, and too indignant to argue the question, the two turned and moved slowly down the steps to the street, their baggage following on the backs of two porters. A tap on the shoulder and Alvarez found himself confronted with a rather lank individual, having a pair of restless gray eyes and grizzled side-whiskers. In a mysterious whisper and with a look of deep import, the stranger bid the travelers follow him. Although a little uncertain, they followed his lead, and after two or three turns found themselves in a moderately quiet restaurant, and unconsciously seated at a table.

"Sir," said the mysterious stranger. "My card."

Alvarez got out his eye-glasses, and perused it attentively. It read:

"Samuel Blodson, attorney-at-law, 26 Nassau street."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Blodson; but for what am I indebted to this interview?"

"Hold on, sir, till we have had some refreshment. Waiter, here!"

After ordering a good square meal for the three, with plenty of trimmings, and taking upon himself the full conduct of affairs, the accommodating attorney began to develop his business.

"If you want to put 'em through, sir, I'm your man!"

"Put 'em through! Put what through?"

"The hotel men upstairs. They've got no right to refuse you accommodation because you've got a black face."

"They evidently took me for a negro."

"Exactly! and we can make 'em sweat for it. Thank fortune, we Northern republicans put through a little bill on Civil Rights the other winter, and you or any other black man have got as much right here as any one."

"Ah, sir, but I am only a stranger from Brazil, and have not the glorious privilege of being a citizen of the United States. Here is my card."

"Pshaw! Señor Alvarez, that needn't trouble

you. We can fix that ; I'll make you a citizen in twenty-four hours."

"How ? I understood it required several years' residence to become a citizen."

"Nonsense ! I'm doing it every day. Enough to know that I've got friends in the right place up at the Hall. Give me the case, and half what I can make out of it, and I'll put you through and get you justice, even if it takes five years, and has to be carried to the United States supreme court."

As Alvarez had no desire to begin a law-suit, under any circumstances, upon the first day of his arrival, he declined the proffered services. Besides, he was too sensitive and high-minded to desire to intrude anywhere where he was not wanted. They discussed the matter during the meal, Blodson doing most of the talking. He said Alvarez had a clear case, and whether he was a negro or not he didn't know or didn't care, the hotel men had violated a law which had passed both houses of Congress by a large majority, and been signed by the President. When the waiter presented the check for the viands consumed, the attorney quietly motioned him to the Brazilian, who as quietly settled.

They emerged in the street at length, and Alvarez sought another conveyance.

"You have regular charges for your carriages here, have you not?" asked he of Blodson.

"Well, yes, I believe we have, though nobody knows what they are. In this country it is much wiser to make your bargains beforehand, Señor."

"So I find with cabs; the last driver charged me seven dollars and a half, to come from the steamer here."

"A dollar and a half would have been about right. Keep my card, Señor, and call on me if you change your mind and conclude to push that case. Good day!"

"Good day, sir, and many thanks for your kindness."

Another carriage was procured and a reasonable bargain was made. Alvarez knew of one other hotel by reputation, having heard it mentioned on the steamer; so he ordered the coachman, after getting his trunk and bags aboard, to drive there. It proved to be quite a distance up town, so they turned up Broadway and retraced the road they had already come.

Arrived at the door of the hotel, Alvarez thought it would be wisdom not to dismiss the carriage this time till sure of his reception. He, therefore, pulled out a card and went in himself to reconnoitre. The following dialogue ensued :

ALVAREZ. Have you two good rooms, connecting, in any pleasant part of the house ?

CLERK. (Polite, but smiling sardonically.) I am afraid not, sir.

ALVAREZ. I am not a negro, but a Brazilian gentleman ; here is my card.

CLERK. (Taking card.) Rooms all full, cellar to garret.

ALVAREZ. Call the proprietor.

CLERK. All right. John, call Mr. Bilton. (Exit JOHN.)

(Enter PROPRIETOR.)

PROPRIETOR. Well, sir, what can I do for you ?

ALVAREZ. Sir, I am a stranger from Brazil, looking for rooms ; your clerk tells me you have none vacant ; I am morally convinced it is untrue, and I want to know the reason for the treatment.

PROPRIETOR. My clerk, though wrong *literally*, is right according to my orders. We have actually no rooms to let at present.

ALVAREZ. You mean to *me*?

PROPRIETOR. To put it briefly, that's it.

ALVAREZ. And why?

PROPRIETOR. Since you press me closely, sir, we have found *Jews* to injure our business greatly, and—

ALVAREZ. But, sir—

PROPRIETOR. I know what you would say. This is a free country, and you cannot help being an Israelite. I can see that you are not of the offensive *trade* Jew stripe, but I have put my foot down against all of your class, and down it shall be kept. Good-day, sir; unfortunately I cannot accommodate you.

More dumbfounded and indignant than ever, the amiable Brazilian turned and left the inhospitable tavern. His reception so far in the city had been such as he was altogether unprepared for from anything he had read in books. Besides, he was very much bewildered and undecided. The first hotel having taken him for a negro, and the second for a Jew, a third might look upon him as an Indian, a fourth a Hottentot, and a fifth a gorilla. He really knew not what to do. He was particularly astonished and unprepared, as he had always

looked upon America as holding her arms open for every race, class, or people.

A short consultation with Juan, and Alvarez concluded to try once more. He knew no other hotel himself, and so took the driver's advice in a third selection. At length the weary and harassed travelers found rest. Their first day had been rather an exciting one, full of unlooked-for adventures, not to say disasters; but they were still full of hope and courage.

"We have but touched the hem of the garment yet, my son," said Alvarez, as, stretched on the lounge in their sitting-room, he was leisurely enjoying a cigar. "There is many a rough, uncouth exterior that contains a sweet and wholesome kernel within."

"True, my father, we must have some patience. No knowledge is obtained without trouble."

"You are right, Juan, and speak with a wisdom above your years," said his father, looking at him admiringly.

After a few quiet puffs on his segar he resumed:

"Now, what is particularly admirable in this country, my son, is that all have a voice in the affairs of the government. Almost every office

being elective, those men who have most distinguished themselves for virtue and wisdom, are naturally selected by their fellow citizens, to take charge of these trusts. Even the judges are selected by the impartial suffrages of the people."

"How just and admirable."

"You can appreciate the wisdom of the founders of this government, and the framers of its constitution. From a few straggling colonies, thirteen in all, containing less than four million people, but one hundred years ago, the territory of the thirty-eight United States now stretches from ocean to ocean, welded together by steam and electricity, and nourishing within its ample bounds more than forty million souls, free, virtuous and happy."

"How wonderful!"

"Here indeed, the *vox populi* seems actually to be the *vox dei*. The supreme law has been so well and carefully framed that whereas the originators having never conceived the great size to which their country would grow, or the vast number of people, of all nationalities and shades of opinion, it would receive into citizenship, the eternal principles contained in the instrument, have been found equally efficacious to rule a large as a small nation. In this

respect unlike the boasted governmental forms of Sparta, or of Athens, which were not calculated for, and could not stand the strain of, extension."

Juan found himself nodding a little, but still paid strict attention to his father.

"It will be part of our plan, my son, to study the institutions, the forms and workings of the government of this wonderful people, who have done so much in so short a time. Their manner of doing business, their social intercourse, their courts, their politics, and their worship, must necessarily all be instructive and interesting. But we will retire now, and set on foot our inquiries to-morrow, when we arise fresh and bright."

With this remark the elder prepared for bed, and was quickly followed by Juan, already half asleep.





CHAPTER IV.

CLEANED OUT.



HE next morning our travelers arose late, having been thoroughly tired out by the unusual exertions of the day before. During a leisurely breakfast they discussed their plans, Alvarez interspersing his remarks by various disquisitions to his son, regarding the United States and its people.

"The unexampled prosperity of this country," said he, "is beyond all belief——"

"Nonsense!" sharply exclaimed an elderly gentleman, who sat at the same table, looking over his newspaper.

"Sir!" ejaculated Alvarez, a little startled.

"The country is all going to the devil as fast as it can go," continued the stern gentleman.

“Indeed, sir! You surprise me.”

“Why, my dear sir, look around you. Within the last three years there have been more failures than ever was known in the history of any country; merchants are losing money every day, real estate has declined one-half, and seventy thousand beggars tramp the streets of our city in search of work and bread.”

“Dear me!”

“And getting worse, sir, getting worse. Our prisons are overflowing, and a man’s life is not safe anywhere after nightfall, from the attacks of tramps and villains, desperate from the effects of hunger.”

“And what, sir, is the cause of this unfortunate condition of affairs?” Alvarez ventured to ask.

“The cause, sir, is self-evident; but as you are a stranger I will show you. You see the Republican party have run this government for sixteen years until they have just about run it in the ground. They have put on such a tremendous tariff, and conducted themselves in such a rascally manner that they have swamped the industries of the country and made us all poor, and they have kept cutting down our currency to such an extent that there

is no money to be had by any one. That is what we are suffering from to-day, and what will eventually completely bankrupt the country."

"I do not see, if these matters were plainly set before the rulers, as sensible men why they should persist in this disastrous course," said Alvarez.

"That's it, sir, that's what I said. The thing has been tried, but has had no success. I have prepared and published articles on this very subject, and have had the same called to their attention, but it has produced no effect whatever. Now in the old Democratic times, everything went smooth and pleasant; we had on a twenty per cent. *ad valorem* tariff for revenue only, which was amply sufficient, and money was plenty. What we want now is lower duties, fewer taxes, and more money."

"All this would seem to be desirable," remarked our traveler, following the speaker attentively. "But I cannot understand, even if the government should issue more money, just how it would get in the hands of the people?"

"Oh! that would come easy enough. Let the government issue a hundred million more greenbacks, and somebody would get hold of it, I warrant you. As it is now, a few rascally conspirators, men

who profess themselves patriots, have scooped in most of the funds of the country, and locked them up completely. By having such an outlandish tariff everything is made enormously dear, and by money being made artificially scarce, nobody has any to get anything with, and everything is at a deadlock.”

“If the administration, and the party at present in power, is vicious or obtuse, the people certainly have the remedy in their own hands. According to the admirable system of your country, they can be voted out and others put in.”

“Yes, but the people as a mass are notoriously ignorant, and, out of pure cussedness, refuse to be taught. They are led by trickery oftener than by wisdom, and when they have a chance to vote for a sound man they don’t know enough to take advantage of it. I have offered *myself* as candidate for Congress, but I found I was not appreciated. I am disgusted with politics and with the country. It is certainly going to destruction, and the government is rotten to the core.”

The gentleman rose as he spoke, and waving a farewell, abruptly left the dining-room. He seemed so confident as to the certainty of his lugubrious

prognostications being verified, and was withal so downright and earnest that Alvarez was quite impressed. Our traveler was, moreover, much grieved to learn that the land which he had believed in such an advanced state of prosperity should turn out to be in so desperate a condition, and could not understand why an administration, seeing the state of things, did not at once set about making them right and caring for the individual happiness of the people. The future of the country, momentarily, appeared to him lamentable.

Subsequent inquiries on this interesting subject convinced him that there did exist a wide-spread business depression throughout the United States at that time; but he was much confused and bewildered at the various, and apparently conflicting, causes assigned for it. His acquaintance at the breakfast table had told him it was the Republican party, high tariff, and scarcity of greenbacks. After he had gotten this idea thoroughly in his head, another gentleman, some days later, informed him that it was the Democratic party, which, by bringing on the war, had caused the destruction of three thousand million dollars' worth of property. When he had pondered this some time, still an-

other stated that such had been the rage for mechanical invention and labor-saving appliances of all kinds that facilities had been created for producing a great many more goods than were needed, while iron fingers took the place of flesh and blood. A fourth gentleman had explained that the vast issue of paper money, made necessary by the great war, had so inflated things generally, encouraging speculation and extravagance in all stations and conditions of life, that people everywhere had been living on a fictitious basis beyond their means, and were gradually being forced back to a metal standard. But this he could not believe, since his first acquaintance had distinctly said that there was a lack of greenbacks instead of being too many. A fifth had dwelt seriously upon the wide-spread dishonesty of the people, and a lack of responsibility everywhere apparent, which tended to break up confidence and make capital timid. When experience proved that individuals, communities, and corporations were not to be trusted, the consequence was, that when credit was needed, money was not forthcoming. But this proposition was so entirely contrary to all his former beliefs that he could not admit it. Which of these things was the true

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cause, or whether each furnished a foundation stone, continued to agitate the mind of the anxious and amiable Brazilian for a long time.

However, on this occasion, the breakfast finished, he sallied out in the street, accompanied by his son, on the lookout for information of any kind. After keeping down Broadway for awhile they saw in the distance a great concourse of people. The street was blocked up, and travel impeded by the dense masses of citizens, mostly well dressed, while hundreds more were hurrying to the scene.

"See, Juan!" exclaimed Alvarez, "something dreadful must have happened."

"Let us hasten and find out," cried the impulsive young man, starting at once on a half run.

Arriving breathless at the outer edge of the crowd, they inquired eagerly what the trouble was, but those there seemed quite as ignorant as themselves. Finally, Juan, determined to ascertain the cause of the vast gathering, clambered up on a cart which stood at some distance, and standing on tip-toe, strained his eyes toward the centre of the throng.

Being prepared for something horrible or tremendous, he was much surprised to see that the

whole reason apparently for the great crowd was, that a horse attached to a truck had fallen down, and the people were watching with intense anxiety, the interesting performance of getting him on his feet again. Being somewhat disappointed at the result of his investigation, and more or less surprised to see the people take such great interest in an incident with which they must necessarily be pretty familiar, he jumped down and sought his father.

The old gentleman, suddenly missing Juan, had been very much agitated in not being able to find him. At last, after a long search for each other, they met.

"Nay, Juan!" exclaimed the father, chidingly, "you must not leave me thus in this great city. We might get separated and never meet again."

"Pray Heaven not, my father!"

"But what was the tumult about?"

"A horse."

"How! what! Some violent steed killing some one or getting killed?"

"Neither. Quite a bloodless affair. He had only fallen down, and the driver was helping him up."

“Ah! Well, that proves to you how willing the American people are to help each other, even in what may appear trifling cases.”

“But they were not helping; they were only looking on, many with their hands in their pockets.”

“All right! They were giving the encouragement of their presence. A good-natured and kind people.”

“Perhaps. But, father, where is your watch?” suddenly cried the young man, seeing his father’s chain was not displayed in the usual place.

“Watch? Why here it—no! Sao Pedro! it is gone!”

“You may have left it at the hotel.”

“No, my son, I had it but a few minutes ago. It is lost. We must bear it patiently.”

“Nay, father; but if you have dropped it somewhere near, it perhaps has been found. If you give notice to that effect to the passers-by, no doubt it will be returned.”

While Alvarez was revolving this in his mind, of a sudden some one facetiously toppled his hat over his eyes and a familiar voice cried out:

“Well, Hal, old boy! How is it going now?”

“Ah ! Mr. Wilkens, glad to see you once more. Well met ! I need your advice.”

“So ! Well, fire away, Colonel,” said the accommodating Wilkens, shifting his quid of tobacco and giving Juan a nod of recognition.

“We were attracted by a crowd a while since, and became separated. Upon getting together again I find I have accidentally lost my watch. As I have always understood the people here were exceptionally honest, I thought if we should let it be known—”

He was interrupted by uproarious peals of laughter from Wilkens. So great was the mirth of the latter gentleman, that he seemed ready to burst. He grew red in the face and shook from head to foot. Alvarez became alarmed.

“Colonel, this won’t do—you’ll kill me if you keep on,” said Wilkens, at length, wiping his eyes.

“Why, sir ! What have I done ?” asked the Brazilian in innocent surprise.

“Why, you great giraffe ! The boys have cleaned you out.”

“Cleaned me out ?”

“Kizzizzled you ; gone through you.”

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"Really, sir, I don't just catch the idea," said Alvarez, quite bewildered.

"They've picked your pocket. Are you sure you have your pocket-book left?"

Alvarez felt nervously for his wallet—it was gone. His countenance proclaimed it to the quick eye of Wilkens, without his saying a word.

"You'll have to grin and bear it, Colonel. Only remember and don't go in a crowd again with all your pockets flung wide open like barn doors. Our boys don't give anything away."

Somewhat humiliated and downcast, Alvarez walked along in silence for a while. It began to dawn upon him, vaguely and distantly, that America was not the Arcadia he had pictured, although he would not yet admit it even to himself. He began to be nervous at times, however, at the troublesome and pointed questions that his quick son every once in a while asked him, entirely unconscious of anything out of the way. He feared in this case, to be questioned in relation to his former good-humored exposition of an American crowd.

Juan, however, said nothing on that matter, but walked along quietly with his father and Wilkens.

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It seemed to strike him after a while, that Broadway was unusually quiet. Upon their first arrival, the clash and roar had been terrific and deafening, but now, in comparison, it sounded quite subdued. Unable to account for this at the moment, after some little quiet observation, he remarked there were no omnibusses running.

"Why, Mr. Wilkens!" asked he. "How is it there are no stages to-day?"

"The owners of the lines have been imposing on the drivers, and they wouldn't stand it."

"What's become of them?"

"They kicked."

"Kicked! Kicked who?"

"They stood out; they got their backs up; they struck."

"My son," exclaimed Alvarez, condescendingly, "I presume the men refused to work when unreasonable conditions were forced upon them."

"Well! What did the employers require of them so hard?" persisted Juan. "Did they lessen the pay and increase the work?"

"They didn't increase the work, but they knocked spots out of the pickings," said Wilkens.

"How was that?"

"Why, somebody or other up and invented an infernal patent clap-trap arrangement, to force a passenger to put in his money and keep it out of the driver's hands entirely. You see how it was. When a suspicion of that kind was thrown upon the men, they wouldn't work."

"I suppose they were noble, sensitive fellows," said Alvarez. "I should feel the same way myself."

"Oh, yes! that's it!" exclaimed Wilkens, giving one of his most surprising winks. "You see we Americans are not only above doing wrong, but we don't wish folks even to think it of us."

Alvarez did not reply, but quite unconsciously, placed his hand where his watch had been a short time before.

"The men had good argument on their side, too," continued Wilkens. "They said their wages were small, and they couldn't live on 'em with their families. They only honestly knocked down a reasonable fair slice, and the owners knew it, and had given it the go-by with a wink, for years. They weren't going to stand being forced out of their hard earnings by any darned patent."

Not clearly comprehending the full force of "knocking down," and "giving the go-by with a wink," Juan still thought he understood the general drift, and so put the question :

"The managers paid the drivers a small salary and then connived with them to appropriate a portion of the money they collected—is that it?"

"That's about it."

"How was that percentage regulated?"

"Only by the honesty of the drivers."

"Humph! Not being entirely satisfied with the workings of the arrangement, the owners have finally put in the patent boxes?"

"Just so, Captain. You've hit the bull's eye, first time."

Juan pondered a long time on this incident. He could not help feeling an increased interest in a people which among numberless other inventions, had at length hit upon machines to make men honest. He could not quite understand, however, in view of the various statements of his father, in regard to the universal rectitude and virtue prevalent, why such should be necessary.



CHAPTER V.

THE BULL-FIGHT.



ALVAREZ had not yet presented his bills of exchange from the English bankers on their New York correspondent. Brazil, apparently, was a country of so little importance to the United States, that not only was there no direct steam communication there, but the mail, as a necessary consequence, had to be carried to England, and then reshipped, and all bills of exchange must also be drawn through English bankers. Alvarez had, therefore, in preparing himself funds, procured short sight bills on London, which had in turn been replaced by short sight on New York.

As the three gentlemen continued down town,

the Brazilian mentioned to his Yankee friend the address he wished to find in Exchange place, and Wilkens at once volunteered to show him the way, as he said he was going right down in that neighborhood.

“I feel almighty grub-struck, Colonel,” cried Wilkens, at length. “How is it with you?”

“Grub-struck!” exclaimed Alvarez, somewhat puzzled, and involuntarily feeling for a little dictionary which he had bought to assist him when at a loss. “Really, my dear sir, I——”

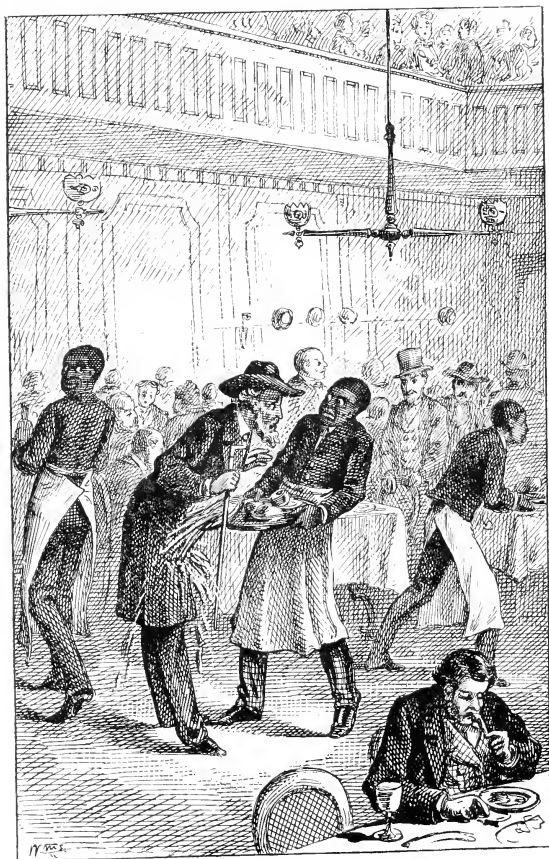
“I’m hollow as a rat-hole.”

The Brazilian gentleman only scratched his head undecidedly.

“I’m ready for rations; I want my hash. Confound it! I thought you understood English!”

“Well, I thought I did, but it seems not altogether American English.”

They passed down Broadway, and turned at length into Fulton street. A few doors from the corner Alvarez was startled to hear a most terrific roar and clatter. The bellowing of human voices and the crash of crockery was frightful, and grew louder as they approached. Juan was much ex-



with the steaming liquid, and doubled him up like a jack-knife.

"Golly, man ! you musn't get in the way of this chile," exclaimed the colored individual, as the poor Brazilian, knocked all out of time, sank into a chair, with his hands clasped over his injured part. Juan, excessively indignant, was about to chastise the headlong waiter, but Wilkins shoved him into a seat opposite his father, and sat himself along side of him.

"Keep still, youngster. You're in a free country now."

Alvarez, just recovered his capacity for breathing, was wiping his clothes with his handkerchief.

"You see, Colonel, every one is in a hurry in our country. No time to lose, and as eating is something no money can be made out of, they slash it through as quick as possible."

"So I see," gasped the Brazilian, looking around.

Above the din of knives and forks, and the hideous jar of dishes, shouts of the most mysterious import arose. Wild cries of "roasti beef," "corn beef and," "boned turkey," and the like. Noticing a gentleman at the next table give an order, Alvarez

was surprised to hear the waiter yell out, "brass band and three diamond studs." Greatly interested to know what this formidable order could possibly signify, he watched the waiter intently to see what he brought. The mystery was solved when he saw pork and beans, with three sausage balls, placed in front of the gentleman in question.

"Now, then, gem'men, what ye gwine to have?"

Totally unused to such an establishment, Alvarez motioned to Wilkens to give the necessary orders.

"See here, George Washington, none of your tomfooling now," said Wilkens to the waiter. "Bring us some good roast beef—no tanned leather—mind."

"Ya'as, sir ; large or small ?"

"Small, you rascal—we'll try a sample first—and, George !"

"Ya'as, sir."

"Baked dumplings, plenty of hard—none of your darned skinnin'."

The waiter was off like a shot. The floor being exceedingly slippery, he took but two or three steps and then slid the rest of the way to the end of the room, and roared out his order, so that he could be heard a block. Though back in an incred-

ibly short space of time, Wilkens cursed his slowness, and sarcastically wanted to know if he had been out killing that cow. The dishes were most expeditiously and energetically slapped down on the table ; so much so, that the meat slid partly off, and the gravy formed all sorts of curious designs on the cloth, which was already of as many colors as the famous coat of Joseph.

“Sail your boat, Colonel,” cried Wilkens, promptly attacking the viands.

Alvarez had always been in the habit of saying a silent grace before eating, but strange to say, in this instance the idea of invoking God's blessing on the meal seemed not to have entered his head. The actions of those around him was contagious, and he found himself chewing in great haste the tough leathery substance on his plate, without knowing the reason why. Before he had hardly commenced, however, Wilkins had finished his entire meal, and was picking his teeth with his fork. Not being very hungry, and everything being in such total conflict with all their previous habits and ideas, both Alvarez and Juan soon signified that they had finished, and arose from the table. Picking their way carefully to the door they finally reached the

street safely with a gratified sense of having successfully escaped a great danger. Drawing a breath of relief, Alvarez asked cautiously :

“Is it then a restaurant for merchants and gentlemen?”

Wilkins, who had “stood treat,” as he termed it, replied good-naturedly :

“Oh gosh ! yes ; thousands of them every day get their dinners here, or at other places like it. Why, you can get a good square meal for twenty-five cents, and be all through in ten minutes from the time you go in.”

“Very energetic people !” exclaimed the Brazilian.

“You bet !” acquiesced the other.

They turned back into Broadway, and continued on down town.

“We’re coming to Wall street, Colonel,” said Wilkins, “where the bulls and bears go for one another.”

“What ! You don’t mean to say wild animals roam these populous streets ?”

“Oh, yes ! lots of ’em. Besides the bulls and bears, there are foxes and wolves, hogs and jackasses by scores.”

“Indeed !”

“Yes, sir. But wait a few minutes and you will see those first two critters I mentioned, in full bloom.”

A few doors from Broadway after they had turned into Wall street, our travelers heard a great roaring as if from a congregation of wild beasts. Not knowing, from the statement of Wilkens, just what to expect, they were on the alert. As they reached the corner of New street, the bellowing became louder and more distinct, and looking to the entrance of a building from whence the noise proceeded, they saw a crowd of men out in the street, apparently under a great pressure of excitement, and frantic to get inside. Some were evidently as anxious to get out, while boys were scudding this way and that, bearing little pieces of paper. Juan had heard his grandfather tell of the bull-fights of Spain, and was on tip-toe with excitement to see this present combat.

“I hear the bulls plainly,” cried he.

“Listen again,” said Wilkens. “Don’t you hear the bears now ?”

As a strain of roaring unusually loud was borne toward them, Juan exclaimed :

“Yes, now I do. Let us hasten, before it is over.”

“Go easy, my lad. It’s never over. Every day, Sundays excepted, the fight goes on from ten till three.”

“Which usually get worsted !” inquired Alvarez.

“Sometimes one side gets a black eye, then the other ; very often both get everlastingly scratched up, and neither fairly licked. But I haven’t time to show up the animals to-day, if you want me to take you to Exchange place. Come along this way.”

Our travelers had admired old Trinity on their way down, and now, as the clock chimed the hour, they turned around and gazed at the lofty and noble steeple of the church, as it towered aloft in front of them.

“This is the great Wall street,” said their conductor. “And there is the Stock Exchange,” continued he, as they turned the corner of Broad street. “That was the rear of it where we heard that infernal racket awhile ago.”

It began to dawn upon Juan that the various wonderful statements of their friendly guide should

not be taken in their full literal significance, and he commenced to see that perhaps that tremendous bull-fight was more imaginary than real.

"Great money transactions here, I suppose," said Alvarez.

"Tremendous, sir; would make your head swim. The amount of business transacted on paper beats all creation."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir-ee. What do you think, Colonel, of a man up and selling one million, five million, ten million dollars' worth of an article he hasn't got, and couldn't possibly pay for, and binding himself to deliver it three months from now?"

"Impossible, sir!"

"Not by a jug-full; done every day. We're bold men here, Colonel. Why, sir, there was one Friday down here that there was more gold engaged to be delivered than existed in the whole country, or—by George!—existed in the whole world, almost."

"And when they can't deliver?"

"Why, they cave, go up spout, shuffle up and have a new deal. Our men have pluck, they never give up."

“Very energetic, great ingenuity!” exclaimed Alvarez.

“They’ll sell anything, real or imaginary, and buy anything, and when they get through gambling down town, they go up to the hotels and keep it up all night, most of them.”

As the anxious and excited men hurried to and fro, apparently unconscious of all around them, our travelers could not help wondering how long a nervous system could last under such tremendous wear and tear.

“Ah!” suddenly exclaimed Wilkens. “Here comes one of the most active reptiles now.”

They looked quickly in the direction he indicated, and saw a small, dark, Jewish-looking man, neatly dressed, who with a quick step was passing rapidly along. They gazed at him intently as Wilkens gave some rapid sketches of his tremendous transactions and exceedingly slick tricks. As they looked, a large burly man, with nostrils extended, and stepping high—pawing the air, so to speak—came around the corner, and met the smaller gentleman face to face. As a bull is urged to a pitch of frenzy by a red cloth shaken before his eyes, so the large gentleman seemed irritated be-

yond all endurance by the appearance of the smaller. A few savage growls, accompanied by some violent gestures, and our three friends saw in surprise the small gentleman lifted from the ground, tossed on the horns of the infuriated brute, so to speak, and disappear rapidly down a cellar-way.

A crowd soon collected. Wilkens rushed over to see what the trouble was, but came back shortly after, smiling.

“More scared than hurt, I guess,” said he, reassuringly.

“But what could provoke such a dastardly attack from one gentleman upon another?”

“The bull went for the bear; that’s all, Colonel. The little fellow has got him in a tight place, and cleaned him out. That little cuss is sharper than greased lightning.”

“And this is the way business is done here?”

“Certainly, all square. Only the big chap oughtn’t to have squealed, and should have taken one of his size.”

They walked along in silence for awhile. At length, Juan inquired :

“But how can such large transactions be accomplished without large sums of money?”

“On margins, youngster. The workings of a ‘put’ and ‘call,’ are strange enough to a greenhorn, but the mysteries of a ‘spread,’ that wins either way, beats all creation. I prefer good square bluff myself.”

“What ! Is it all gambling, then ?”

“Not at all, my dear fellow ; don’t say that. Gambling is prohibited by law. You’ll get locked up, very likely, should you start a faro table or sell French pools, and many of the conscientious church members down here would be horrified to call their occupation, gambling.”

They were now near the corner of Exchange place, which they had approached from Broad street.

“Come up here a moment,” said Wilkens. “They’ve got a new plan started up here, which lets poor folks have a chance to invest now and then.”

They were around in New street, and entered an apartment, in which there reigned a silence equal to a church. A stock indicator and large blackboard were in one end of the room, which were being intently watched by an eager audience, ranged on benches in front of it. This audience was ex-

tremely interesting to contemplate. Young men clerks, broken-down operators, rough farmers, even errand boys, were there, their eyes glistening as they watched the changes of stock which were being registered.

"You can chip as low as five dollars on this," said Wilkens.

"Indeed!" replied Alvarez, greatly interested. "You mean bet."

"Bet! No. I mean you can invest a margin as low as five dollars, and take your chances upon the stock you select going up or down. If *up*, you make; if *down*, you lose. This is operating—*betting*, I told you, is against the law."

With this they turned back into Exchange place and our travelers soon found the number they were seeking, and bade good-day to their friend.





CHAPTER VI.

THE PEDLAR-AND-BEGGAR-BOUNCER.



LVAREZ entered rather hesitatingly with his son the outer office of Mr. Horace Milman. To tell the truth, the loss of his wallet in the crowd was embarrassing him more than he had admitted at the time. He had some private papers in it, as well as the bill of exchange from the London banker. He was out of ready money and relied upon getting a supply immediately upon presenting his credentials. Of course, he could write or cable to London for a duplicate, but there would be delay and embarrassment, and in the mean time he would be out of funds. He was, therefore, rather nervous upon entering the office.

It was somewhat plain and unpretending in furniture and appearance, but had an old-fashioned, solid look, very much unlike the usual American intense newness. An elderly man stood at the desk, engaged in writing. He gave the travelers a sharp glance as they entered. Alvarez was usually scrupulously neat in his apparel, but his painful experience at the eating-saloon, combined with his walk through the streets on a gusty March day, had upset him to a considerable extent, and given him somewhat the appearance of a rusty pedestrian, with a slight suggestion of the broken-down clerical.

"Is Mr. Milman here?" asked he, humbly, of the elderly clerk.

"Did you read that sign?" laconically retorted the one addressed.

"I did not," answered the Brazilian, stepping back and looking for the notice indicated.

The inscription was somewhat mysterious to him.

"THE PEDLAR-AND-BEGGAR-BOUNCER IS IN,"

failed to strike a responsive chord in Alvarez's breast. After a most studious consideration, and a

combined examination of the little dictionary by Juan and himself, he had to give it up, and turned to the clerk once more for explanation. That individual was now writing more industriously than ever, and looked neither to right nor left. Our traveler approached within a respectful distance and waited awhile patiently. Receiving no attention, he ventured a slight cough. The clerk was apparently so totally oblivious to all around, that this failing to attract his attention, our traveler tried a still more decided bronchial effort. Finding he was only wasting his ammunition, Alvarez at length spoke up.

"I am seeking Mr. Milman," said he.

"Well, sir," said the clerk, turning round so sharply as to make the gentleman jump, "suppose you were to find him—what then?"

"I have business——"

"Oh! sir, we don't want any pens or blotting paper, we all have our lives insured, and don't advertise a dollar."

"But, sir, I am not——"

"We don't need any help, and never give to outside churches. In fact, we don't want anybody or anything." And he turned his back peremptorily

upon the astonished gentleman, and resumed his writing.

Juan, though much irritated at the treatment of his father, could hardly repress a smile at the bewildered and woebegone look of his parent. At length a desperate idea seemed to seize Alvarez. He never lacked courage, but his extreme modesty and consideration for others, were continually holding him in check. "Modesty," writes Addison, "so great a virtue in woman, is a great drawback in life to a man," and in no country on the face of the globe is this more true than in our own glorious land. A door stood open at a little distance; our traveler judged the gentleman he sought would be found within, and he determined to make the trial at all hazards. A few bold steps and he had run the gauntlet and crossed the threshold. He was not disappointed; Mr. Milman was quietly seated at his desk, sorting some papers.

"I am Pedro Alvarez, and—"

"Ah, Señor, come in," said Milman, rising and extending his hand with a smile. "We have had advices about you."

Alvarez was pleased with the appearance of the gentlemanly, well-dressed banker. Of light com-

plexion, partially bald, and clean shaved, except a moustache, his attitude was easy and graceful as he stood before them, his manner engaging, and his voice agreeable.

“This is my son, Juan.”

“Welcome, gentlemen, both,” said the banker, placing chairs before the open grate fire. “Pray, be seated.”

A keen observer might have noticed a rather nervous, though slight motion of the delicate hands, as well as a certain involuntary twitching of the corners of the mouth, which seemed to indicate a mind not entirely at ease ; but to the stranger Mr. Milman was a most engaging man.

“I suppose you have drafts upon me,” said he.

“Well, I had, sir, this morning ; but—” and Alvarez paused with the somewhat vacant and bewildered look which usually spread over his countenance when anything happened to trouble him.

“How is that, Señor ? I don’t understand.”

Alvarez related the circumstances of the morning—the crowd, the excitement, with the subsequent missing of his watch and pocket-book. As the latter contained certain papers valuable to him only, and among others the sight bill for five thou-

sand dollars gold, his embarrassment was easily understood.

“Don’t trouble yourself, my friend. You must cable for a duplicate. You might also notify the police, and offer a reward, if you thought it worth while.”

“But in the mean time I have no funds!”

“That need not embarrass you. I will advance you whatever is necessary, and assist you all in my power. This bill, I presume, was not indorsed by you, and will be of no use to anybody. I of course will not pay it.”

“I thank you most heartily, my dear sir, for your kindness,” said Alvarez, warmly.

“Not at all. You do not need to carry a large amount of money around with you ; you had better, therefore, deposit the sum with me, and draw as you want.”

“Exactly. That is my wish.”

“You must also favor me with a visit at my house in Brooklyn, as soon as convenient.”

“With the greatest pleasure.”

Alvarez, taking advantage of a pause, glanced around the inner office. The furniture was still not ostentatious, but rich and plain and old. An

evident air of responsibility and respectability pervaded the whole place. Milman, quickly interpreting his glance, drew a chair up and explained, in a friendly, confidential way. "I have to apologize for our surroundings," said he. "We are old-fashioned, but intend soon to move into our new offices. Our house has been running about forty years, since my father first started it, and we have somehow kept up old appearances, though not by any means old practices. We find now, however, the people like more show. The world advances, Alvarez?"

"Indeed, yes. Manners can be outgrown, but I believe we'll find general principles remain the same."

"Perhaps. We are a nation of steam and electricity, and are nothing if we are not moving."

"Activity I find to be the order of the day. I was prepared for enterprise, but I must confess," said Alvarez, looking down at his soiled apparel, "that in certain directions, the energy shown is tremendous, not to say alarming. To move certainly is good, to move always in the *right* direction, is grand."

"Well, sir, we have cast off most of the homely, primitive ways of our forefathers, and I may say

that in all directions, business, politics, law, and religion, we are now pursuing a system quite our own."

"Ah! I congratulate you and the American people. But I wished to ask you about some of the principal points of interest in the city. Where shall I find your great collections, your British Museum and your Louvre?"

"Ah! my dear sir, these things have no charm for us, as they don't pay. Our wish is to have things practical, useful. We have our factories, our machines, our hospitals, and our prisons. It is true there are some few scattering collections around, which you can find by searching in the papers, and I believe you could see some good portraits of private individuals up at the Academy of Design."

"Your historical objects must be interesting; your old landmarks, your—"

"All gone, Señor. You see, we are a progressive people, we cannot stand still. We don't wish landmarks, and we are impatient at anything growing old. Our principal point is to have everything remunerative. If there is an old church and burying-ground in our way, we pull down and root out in

order to locate stores ; if there is a great hospital with its lawns and shade trees standing in our path it has to disappear, that we may put through a new street ; if we have an unnecessary park where the people might get a breath of fresh air, we erect a great railroad depot."

"I see. Everything is made useful. Things beautiful or venerable—"

"Ah ! my dear sir, veneration is something we Americans find buys no goods and brings no returns. We are self-reliant, bold, pushing. We are taught to believe every one should look out for himself."

Alvarez bowed and was silent for awhile. After a little more conversation between the gentlemen, Mr. Milman furnished our traveler with his Brooklyn address, and also advanced some necessary funds. They shortly after parted, with a promise on Milman's part to visit the travelers at the hotel at the first opportunity.

Much pleased with the result of the interview, Alvarez passed out of the office with his son, giving the crusty clerk, whom he now found much more amiable, a smile as he went by, and stepped into the street. The wind had arisen, and was keen and cutting as a knife. Great clouds of dust arose at inter-

vals, and enveloped the passers-by as in a mantle. Anyone might easily have fallen into the belief that he was in the midst of the Sahara desert instead of the metropolis of a great nation. With eyes red and inflamed, choked with the dust, and scudding along before the blast, our travelers scarcely knew where they were going or what they were about.

“Is it not possible to keep the streets cleaner, then?” asked Juan of his father, as they pursued their course the best way they could.

“It would cost a great deal of money, and perhaps the city could not afford it,” replied the elder gentleman.

They noticed in their rapid course that some streets had great hillocks in them, apparently collections of snow and mud, which had been there for months, at times partially thawing and then freezing up. The carts and other vehicles had great difficulty in passing one another, and could only do so with tremendous strain upon the horses, and perseverance on the part of the drivers, assisted by considerable blasphemy.

At length they emerged into the open square in front of the new Post-Office, and seeing many horse-cars there, ventured, after some time spent in

reading the inscriptions, to enter one and take seats. The car soon rapidly filled up and started. Seeing two ladies enter at the further end, and watching awhile to see if the conductor would provide them seats, as all the gentlemen seemed much engaged with their papers, our two travelers arose politely and, with a bow, offered theirs.

When the conductor came through; the bell-punch hanging from his neck attracted Juan's attention.

"Is this another contrivance to keep men honest by machinery?" asked he of his father.

"Perhaps to prevent involuntary mistakes. The Americans are an ingenious people."

"Very good; but if they are as infallible in virtue and wisdom as you have taught me, I don't see why they should need these things."

Alvarez was about to reply, but the car, which had been under considerable headway, suddenly stopped, and the poor gentleman, not having had experience enough in city car riding to hold on to the strap, measured his length on the floor, at the same time bowling down, as if they had been nine-pins, a half-dozen people who were also standing. One crusty old man, whose corns he had hurt

rather sharply, caught him by the coat-collar and yanked him to his feet.

“Why in thunder don’t you hang on to the strap? Blockhead!” cried he.

The astonished Alvarez gathered himself up, and clutched a strap desperately, while Juan adjusted his hat on his head. He reflected that it might have been a necessary requirement in some countries to provide cars enough, and seats enough, for the passengers that wanted them. He failed to remember the intense energy and impatience of the American people, and that they never would have abided by any rule that occasioned a minute’s delay. The passengers soon crowded in to such an extent that our elderly traveler began to be oppressed for breath. All the time the conductor kept hallooing:

“Move up, gentleman, move up! Plenty of room up front.”

Alvarez looked curiously around to see where the vast extent of space was, that the active conductor kept continually alluding to, and hopelessly failed to discover it. He was now wedged in diagonally, and could not budge the sixteenth part of an inch, with the pestiferous breath of a Teuton saluting him upon one side, and an unsavory Afri-

can upon the other. Though suffering considerably he kept good-natured, and his curiosity was unabated. He was anxious to know the full capacity of the caravan when the conductor and driver should be entirely satisfied, and refuse to receive more passengers. He had observed on first entering that there were seats for twenty-two persons, and had very foolishly supposed this to be the entire capacity. What was his astonishment, therefore, upon partly counting and partly estimating, he reckoned up sixty-six souls in the vehicle, all drawn by two horses. And still the ambitious conductor kept yelling to move up and make room for new arrivals. Alvarez saw through the interstices of the crowd, that the front and rear platforms were packed and crammed. Men were hanging on desperately, in the most varied positions, some had merely one foot on the step and one hand on the railing, others were apparently clinging to the car with their teeth.

! Not knowing exactly where to get out, and seeing no earthly possibility of being able to do so even when he desired it, the Brazilian quietly resigned himself to his fate. In a short time the conductor proved himself to be quite a physical phenomenon by squeezing through the car after

Alvarez had calculated that not even a knife-blade could have been inserted. As he wormed himself by, our traveler requested to be put out at a certain street, and was answered impatiently by the conductor:

“All right! Don’t get in a sweat—not near there yet.”

As Alvarez could not readily help perspiring in his close quarters, he did not quite see how he could heed the injunction; however, determined to be patient and wait. After a long time, people began to get out, to his great relief, and the car was soon comparatively empty. He then ventured to ask the conductor if they had not arrived at their destination yet.

“Confound it, man! We’re three miles past it.”

“Well, why didn’t you tell me?”

“Why the deuce didn’t you ask? You can’t expect me to remember everything I hear. Here! Get out and take that car coming.” At the same time stopping his own car and almost thrusting our two travelers out in the street.

Feeling as if he had spent a night between two mill-stones, and being a little fearful of ever regain-

ing his proper rotund shape, Alvarez wondered how the enlightened and refined Americans could possibly tolerate with patience such a mode of locomotion.





CHAPTER VII.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

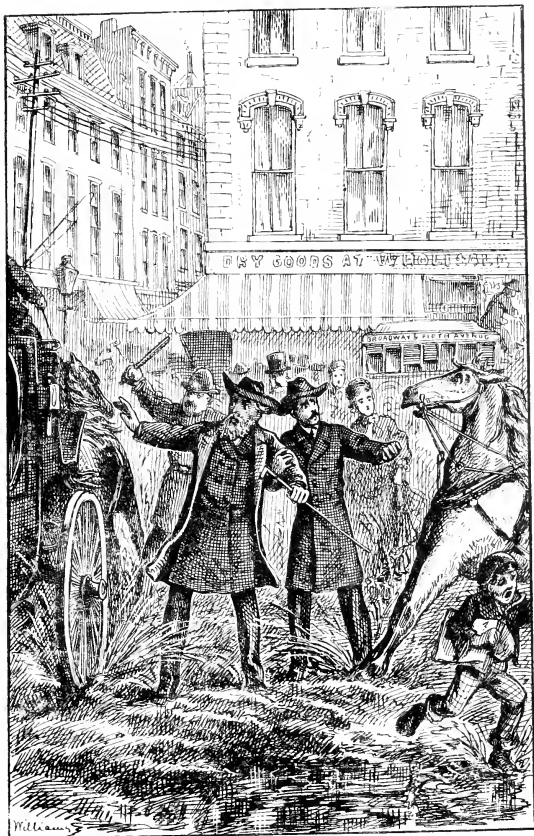


T had snowed quite heavily during the night, so that when our travelers awoke and looked out in the morning, the ground was covered by a thick white mantle. The sun came out during the day and not only rapidly converted the newly fallen snow into liquid pools, but the collected heaps of ancient ice and frozen mud

begin likewise to change their solidified character. The pure unsullied snow, direct from Heaven, was soon trampled and polluted by the touch of man, out of all resemblance to its original nature.

Our two travelers sallied out as usual, immediately after a late breakfast, on their march of observation. To navigate the streets under the circumstances named, required more skill than they

imagined. Narrow ridges of ice traversed, in eccentric angles from one sidewalk to another, great lakes of melted snow and mud. Streets in which car tracks were laid, were barricaded upon either side by great embankments thrown up by the car companies, and which had lain there for months, blockading travel, and thawing and freezing in accordance with changes in the atmosphere. In Broadway people went dashing through the reeking filth, in their efforts to escape the different vehicles, which were continually hurrying up and down. Policemen could be seen splashed from head to foot, in such a manner that it was impossible to tell what the original color of their uniforms had been. Amazed at the condition of things, Juan and his father continued floundering along on their course up town. Several times the old gentleman, always a little uncertain on his feet, had slipped around, cutting pigeon-wings on one leg, in the most alarming manner. Juan, therefore, kept tight hold of him, in mortal dread that he would either break his neck or be drowned in the immense sloughs with whose depths he was unacquainted. He could not help reflecting in his own mind what a pity it was that the great city was not rich enough to afford a



sufficient appropriation to devote to the streets. He admitted his inexperience, but judged it was within the range of human possibility to keep them comparatively clean and respectable for a reasonable amount of money.

Neither could he account for the absence of criminals or paupers at work of this kind, except on the theory, based upon previous ideas from his father, that the city was fortunate enough to have no accumulation of this class of people.

Somewhat later he was amazed to learn that New York had appropriated for years, more funds than almost any other city in the world for cleaning the streets, but that in some most unaccountable way, the thoroughfares never were cleaned. When the commissioners and people in authority claimed that they had not sufficient funds, more taxes were laid on for the purpose stated, but the streets seemed more obnoxious than ever. So that the strange anomaly appeared, that the more money there was raised to clean them, the more dirty the streets became. The commissioners grew rich, foreigners sneered, and the citizens grew desperate; and still to find a man cleaning the streets was as rare as to see a shamrock with four leaves.

It was not many days thereafter that he also learned that the city swarmed with drunkards, tramps, paupers, and lesser criminals, who, instead of being made use of by being put to work, were comfortably housed and fed at the expense of the government—that is, the people. All these things amazed Juan, and he pondered long and deeply upon them. He had always had the utmost respect for the wisdom and learning of his father. Predisposed to admire everything, and naturally of a buoyant, hopeful disposition, he had accepted all the statements of his enthusiastic parent with confidence and satisfaction. His credulity had been so repeatedly shocked by this time, however, that he began to grow suspicious and on his guard, at any presentation of facts not verified by his own experience. How much greater would his astonishment have been, however, had he known that there were parties who not only required no appropriation to keep the streets clean, but would actually pay for the privilege.

They arrived after awhile in Union square, and paused to rest. They were streaked and spotted with mud, and very much exhausted by their physical exertion, as well as by their mental anxiety.

Alvarez was at once attracted by the bronze statues, and proceeding over to the noble representation of our great Washington, reverently took off his hat. Juan also looked up admiringly at the calm, handsome, dignified hero, gracefully seated on horseback before him.

When he had finished his silent admiration, Alvarez crossed to where the new statue of Lafayette stands, and eagerly spake :

“ You have read, Juan, of the noble conduct of this young French nobleman. When the colonies were struggling for their liberty, how gallantly he threw himself, heart and soul, into the cause of freedom and of right ! Here stands now, in the metropolis of that nation which he helped so well to become great, free, and prosperous, a fitting monument to his memory, erected by the loving hands of a grateful country.”

Juan admitted the grace and spirit of the statue ; but, no doubt, his admiration for that grateful country would have been somewhat lessened had he known that there never had been the slightest memorial raised to the memory of the great patriot, by any American money or enterprise—that the statue in question was a gift from the French

people, and only more or less sullenly accepted even at that.

Alvarez could not, however, repress his enthusiasm, and stood, soon after, with his son, before the the figure of our martyred President. Neither of them seemed quite sure of the identity of this last, and examined it for a while closely.

"A strange figure," said Juan.

"Yes," replied his father. "No doubt some great man of the country, but I cannot make him out. His countenance is certainly not handsome."

"But look at his clothes. He must have been an ancient character, as nobody in modern times has worn such pantaloons."

"Probably one of the early Dutch founders of the city."

As they were thus discussing the figure before them, they heard strains of martial music in the distance. They had observed groups of men, with green ribbons in their button-holes, hurrying in different directions, and now as they turned round and looked down Broadway they saw that the sidewalks were lined with people in holiday garb, largely composed of women and babies. The

policemen were rapidly turning all vehicles into the side streets, and thrusting the people back.

"Some great holiday evidently," said Alvarez.

"We are fortunate to be here, my son."

"No doubt, one of the American National celebrations ; we must observe closely."

They took their stands and waited, but were soon charged on by two policemen and rattled off toward the sidewalk. They endeavored to remonstrate or ascertain why they could not stay where they were, but they were rushed out of the square in so lively a manner that they hardly had time to breathe, let alone speak. Shortly after, a dozen horsemen, with broad green sashes across their breasts, and high hats on, dashed into the square and glared around in the most savage manner. Two or three little boys, who, in the exuberance of youth, had ventured out a little beyond the curbstone, they howled at so lustily that our travelers got the impression that the horsemen must be the owners of the square and the streets leading to it, and were only resenting trespasses upon their private property.

The music grew louder and the tramp of horses and men splashing through the mud became more

distinct. Everyone was on tip-toe with expectation as the leading carriages approached. Great silken green banners waved in the breeze, and one continuous tune seemed inspiring the whole crowd. This music Alvarez heard so often that day that he was tempted to ask the name of it, as well as the meaning of the inscription "Erin go bragh," which was multiplied a thousand times in all conceivable styles and places. The tune he was informed was called "Wearing of the Green," and appeared to be of such great merit that the celebrators seemed never to tire of it. As to the inscription alluded to, he could not get a satisfactory explanation.

He and Juan noted with great interest the different members of the procession. In their opinion the uniform used was peculiar, consisting mainly of long-tail black coats, with green ribbons and high black hats. Although the hats were all of a silk and pasteboard nature known as plugs, still, upon closer view, they did not present that strict uniformity that at first was apparent. They were of all shapes, styles and conditions, some having evidently done service for years, and gone through many vicissitudes of fortune, while others were of a much more recent date.

The shaved, stubby faces, the square jaws and immense mouths, appeared more uniform than the heights of the footmen. To this point they seemed to have paid little regard, as men six feet high were ranged alongside of those of four, so that the ranks resembled a range of irregular hills. The length of the procession appeared interminable, and our travelers reckoned that nearly the whole city must certainly have turned out. After viewing the display of long coats, high hats, green ribbons, square jaws and big mouths, marching to that everlasting tune, Alvarez and Juan began to be a little weary, though still anxious to see it all.

A clerk had stepped out of one of the stores and stood with his hands in his pockets and a pencil behind his ear. Juan ventured to accost him.

“It is a great day with you here,” said he.

“Oh! yes, muchly.”

“I should think you would close up all your stores and public buildings.”

“Well, they haven’t quite come that yet, though they tried hard for it. I suppose they’ll fetch it after a while. You’ll find green flags flying from our City Hall down town, and the whole thing

reviewed by the mayor. Many of the city authorities are in the procession now."

"And still business don't stop?"

"We don't stop a *show* of trade; but it actually has to stop. They take command of the streets, and there is so infernal many of them tramping around all day, that nobody can get anywhere. We can't ship any goods, and customers can scarcely get in the store if they wanted to buy ever so much."

"But I don't quite understand the object of the celebration," said Alvarez, coming up.

"Why, my dear sir, these are the governing classes of the city, from whom our statesmen are drawn. Look there! there goes Patrick Rafferty, he is in the Controller's Office; that red-haired fellow is Mickey Donoghue, he is in the Board of Aldermen; that open-faced duck there is Larry Dougherty, he is in the Mayor's Department—"

"These are very strange names!"

"Frenchmen."

"Frenchmen! How so, and born in this country?"

"Born in this country! Why, man, some of them haven't been here a year yet."

“They must be men of genius, to master your laws and principles of government so soon. But are not the Americans able to govern themselves?”

“It seems not; the people like the imported article best, as they do in so many other directions.”

Alvarez was silent for awhile, apparently revolving this strange statement in his mind.

“But is this your great day of Independence?”

“Oh, no! not much! We’ve abandoned the celebration of that some time since. Some old women said the boys made too much noise, and our soldiers thought they would rather enjoy themselves in the country that day, than turn out.”

“But what day is this then, that causes so much excitement in your city, and stops all business?”

“St. Patrick’s birthday.”

“Ah! I see—a patron saint of the country.”

“Not at all. He never was here in the world, and we don’t take any stock in saints, anyhow.”

“I have never heard or read of this holy man.”

“Well, very few other people, I’m thinking, although he may have been a very good man in his way. Centuries ago, in a little island across the

sea, he landed one morning and cleaned out every hoptoad and garter-snake there was there. I never found out just what else he did do."

Alvarez was exceedingly puzzled, that the city of New York should allow its streets to be monopolized for the best part of a business day, by a great procession, in honor of some mysterious foreign personage whom the bulk of the people knew nothing about and cared less.

"Such is freedom!" exclaimed he.

"Oh, yes," continued the wide-awake clerk. "But the freedom of our friends here, is like the handle of a jug—all one side. When a part of their countrymen turned out on another day, a year or so back, these green gents said they should not parade, and massed themselves along the route and on tops of the houses to stop them. Our military had to shoot about a hundred or so, with a lot of innocent lookers-on, before they cooled down. A nice lot! Good-day!"

Alvarez kept his place awhile as the clerk moved off. Suddenly feeling his hat knocked over his eyes, he glanced up quickly and saw it was done accidentally by a boy's boot as he slid down the lamp-post by him. Looking up farther, he saw the

lamp-post was full of boys as an apple tree with fruit, sitting and hanging on in the most perilous situations. A further more extended scrutiny, showed lamp-posts and trees, as far as eye could reach, loaded down with these enterprising young rascals.

Later in the day, as our two travelers continued their peregrinations around town, they came across numerous stragglers from the great procession, exceedingly unsteady in their gait, and very much battered in their appearance. Every once in awhile, devotees who had been more earnest than their fellows, were seen being marched off, covered with blood, between two policemen. It was a most puzzling day for our travelers. Its object and its mode of celebration was a complete mystery. If Alvarez had been acquainted with a certain popular character, he might have exclaimed: "This is one of those things no fellow can find out."

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CHAPTER VIII.

GROPING FOR THE TRUTH.



LVAREZ had read of the great advance in journalism of the present age, and as the nineteenth century had reached the *ne plus ultra* in the ability to gather and circulate news, so had the city of New York been able to boast, according to his information, the brightest lights in the great firmament of the press. Our Brazilian determined, therefore, to devote an entire morning, with Juan, to the study of the chief exponents of the great art.

“The wonderful influence of the daily journals upon this country, my son,” said he, impressively, “is almost incredible. In a nation where all read

the papers, as I am told, you may imagine the keen intelligence that would naturally be fostered, and the telling effect that truth, properly presented, would have upon the masses. The swift lightning brings in news from all parts of the world, while the steam demons hasten from every direction with their loads of mail matter. Here shall we find journalism in its perfection ; the truth gathered with energy, carefully sifted, and distributed pure and undefiled among the people. Such is the force and influence of the press that bad men are pulled down and the virtuous brought to light and defended ; the government is assisted by their advice upon all possible occasions and upon every conceivable topic. Generals in the field, admirals on the ocean, as well as ministers in the cabinet, and officers in every department, are shown their way out of difficulties, or mildly censured for getting in them. The vast accumulation of knowledge that an editor is obliged to have at his command, and stands ready to display at a moment's warning, is most remarkable, and seems almost impossible for human brain to contain."

Without saying more they entered the reading-room together, and Alvarez picking up the "Repub-

lican Bugle," settled himself to read, while Juan seized on the "New York Luminary," which lay near at hand. The young man's astonishment increased as he read, and his previous opinions of men and things in the United States were very much disturbed. He had not believed there were as many villainous characters in the whole country as he found there, upon a short perusal, pointed out in the very highest circles. Nor was he able, even after a prolonged search, to find a single soul mentioned with praise except a certain deacon in a Western city, whose name he had not heard before.

"There seems, father," remarked Juan, looking up from his paper after a long silence, "to be a particularly abandoned rascal living in a Tall Tower, near the lower part of the city."

"Indeed!" answered the older gentleman. "Some lawless fellow, likely, who has intrenched himself in his stronghold, and defies the power of the government."

"But that is what surprises me," continued the young man. "I have read of robber chieftains, making excursions from strong castles, but this was in the olden time, and I knew not there were Towers of this kind now in New York. This fel-

low, however, seems to be but the base instrument of a deep scoundrel who remains himself concealed. 'Tis strange! I should think the army would bring artillery to bear on the outlaw, and force him to come down and surrender."

"There are many strange things which need explanation in this country, my son. We must have patience."

Juan quietly continued his perusal, and was soon attracted by the troubles of a certain distinguished nobleman, to whom a whole column was devoted. It appeared that a base conspiracy had been set on foot by his enemies to accomplish his ruin, and, among other things, one of the conspirators, more bold than the rest, had instigated representations of him, derogatory to his dignity, upon the public stage. This the count could only reach through the slow process of the law, as the coward refused to fight. Another wretch had aimed his little shaft at the shining mark from a distance, by calling an Indian beggar on the plains, the Count Hernandez of the Prairie. This had called forth a series of bloody challenges and counter-challenges from the count, in being likened to the red man, and from the child of the forest in being likened to the

count. The nobleman was evidently of a highly sensitive temperament, but he seemed to lose sight of the fact that it is the universal fate of greatness or merit to be attacked and maligned by a great multitude of ignoble and envious men, who everywhere infest the walks of life.

Continuing his perusal Juan was pleased to find extracts from the works of a certain distinguished poet of a neighboring city, and read them with keen zest. He had heard of the poets of America from his mother, and had himself received, by the way of England, volumes of Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. The journal spoke of the productions with great praise, and in its criticism gave a few examples, of which Juan transcribed the two following :

“Let lightnings flash, and thunders roll!
Let hurtling rain drops foam and hiss!
No storm can fright his peaceful soul,
For little Johnnie’s gone to bliss.”

“Many years Amanda suffered
With cancer in the side,
Until her fragile body succumbed,
And quietly she died.

“But now aloft in triple glory,
Amanda calmly sails,

While we below can only send up
Our unavailing wails.
Gone to meet her lover."

After the pleasant interruption of transcribing the verses, Juan continued his reading. When he struck the editorial department upon political events, he was surprised and shocked to see proofs of such wide-spread and deep-rooted villainy as were there laid bare. He read in amazement, paragraphs about the chief magistrate of the nation, like the following :

"Not only has this debased creature, whose normal condition is intoxication, whose instincts are those of a bandit, the champion gift-taker of the world, not only has he run this government as if it were a corporation belonging to him and his family, but he is now covertly seeking to defy the will of the people, and corrupt the chief officers of the army, in order to perpetuate his villainous rule."

There were others equally as forcible about the leading members of the government. His surprise at the thought, that the American people would allow such a gang of low-bred and abandoned wretches to rule them, was only equalled by his wonder that the "powers that be" would permit

any newspaper to attack them in such outrageous terms. Not only was the policy of the administration assailed and ridiculed without reserve, but the motives and personal character of each individual were attacked, and the President of more than forty million people made out a fit subject for the galleys.

“Santa Maria!” exclaimed he, “what infamy!”

“What’s that!” said his father, looking up from a long and solemn perusal of his paper.

“Why, my dear father, how is it that the country allows such unmitigated scoundrels as now occupy the seat of government, to go unhung.”

“What rash words are you speaking, my son? What do you mean?”

“Mean! why from facts and figures here printed, and which seem utterly unassailable, every one of them, from the President down, might readily be sent to State’s prison for life. I do not understand it.”

“Neither do I understand it,” responded his father, warmly. “I find statements in my paper that prove to my satisfaction, that the present administration is beyond reproach, and the government has never been so wisely, purely and economically conducted as now.”

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“But look here, father ; I—”

“Look there ! Look here, if you please ! I am convinced, from a simple perusal of this journal, that there is a lot of bad men out of office, who are trying to get in and occupy the places of the patriots who now fill them.”

“The proofs and statements here are to the effect that those bad men are already in office,” persisted the young man.

“Nonsense, Juan ! You are young and not supposed to know the world. Perhaps the things you speak of have been written by some discontented, irresponsible fellow, who has been refused an office. But let us compare ; the apparent discrepancies may disappear upon a closer inspection.”

They drew their chairs together and began diligently comparing notes. Instead, however, of the difficulties disappearing, they seemed to multiply, and as each side appeared so positive and so well-supported by facts, the two anxious inquirers after the truth became very much bewildered. It was by one journal held as criminal and foolish for the Secretary of the Treasury to sell gold in Wall street, thereby making the government a party to reckless and dishonest speculation. It was by the

other shown that it was the only sensible thing the Secretary could do, only he did not sell nearly enough. The "Luminary" argued conclusively that the regular army, at that time reduced to about seventeen thousand men, was a vast host to be preying upon the industries of forty million impoverished people, and likewise constituted a continual menace, ready to be used, as it was, at a moment's warning, to aid a military despot to perpetuate his unholy power; while the "Bugle" reckoned it absurd that such a small force could guard efficiently so vast a territory, and protect the governmental property located at great distances apart. As to the standing menace, it ridiculed it completely.

As the hopelessness of reconciling the stubborn facts and convincing theories set forth by the two journals became more and more apparent, our two travelers began to despair of understanding it, believing they had not the key which native citizens must possess. Juan reflected that the journals under inspection constituted but *two*, and these but in a single city. He had been informed that in this same city, were numberless others, morning, evening, weekly, semi-weekly, and monthly. And not only

in *this* city, but in every other city, town, hamlet, and crossroads of the Union, constituting in all a bewildering number of thousands. As each had their opinions, advice, and cautions ready for individual officers and the government at large, the tone of which, by the way, was frequently changing and irregular even in the same journal, Juan could not understand how any could go astray from want of information or counsel, if they would only give the matter proper attention.

Alvarez had laid aside his paper and had taken up the great "Independent Crier." Unbeknown to him, he inadvertently commenced to read the quadruple advertising sheet, supposing it was the main body of the paper. The very first column surprised and perplexed him considerably.

Under the head of "Personals" he read the most astounding and mysterious statements, appeals, threats, invitations, and the like, whose import he could in no wise make out. Proceeding, however, to the different heads, "Financial," "Business Opportunities," "Matrimonial," "Religious Notices," "Special Notices," and so forth, he became so deeply and hopelessly mystified that his countenance could not help exhibiting the different

phases of his agitation. He found certain persons advertising themselves and their commodities in such a manner as might well cause astonishment in any one even more worldly-wise than himself.

"I have watched well the sudden changes of your countenance, my father," said Juan. "I should like to see what you are reading."

"Nay, Juan ; it is nothing," replied Alvarez, hastily throwing the paper aside. "What have you there?"

"I judged at first that I had so much news that there was certainly none left for any other paper." He held up, as he spoke, the "*Crier*" proper, which he had taken at the same time that his father had picked up the advertising portion.

Alvarez saw great headlines for almost every column, displayed in such a manner that they could easily be read without spectacles across the room. He was led to believe that the bigger the type the more important must be the news ; but upon inspection he was a little disappointed to find the items of interest pretty much the same as he had already perused in the other papers.

A little further reading, however, developed more completely the unusual energy and enterprise

of the journal, and showed it, conclusively, far ahead of all its rivals. Its emissaries were busy in all parts of the globe, from the sources of the Nile in the East, to the Mormon city in the far West. The gentleman working up this latter matter had done his duty so fearlessly that his life had been thrice endangered by the infuriated apostles, all of which he had detailed in a communication, which that morning covered an entire page. Another hard-working gentleman was in a distant State, risking life and limb in an earnest endeavor to unearth a scientific mystery, which had long eluded the grasp of the naturalists. This account Alvarez read with breathless interest, and followed the traveler closely in imagination, sympathetically sharing all his hardships. In cutting through dense swamps, or clambering over mountains, he was with the exploring party in spirit, and when the leader shinned up a tall and isolated tree to gain a distant glimpse of the wished-for goal, our Brazilian felt himself going through the same severe exercise. The account ended here, but with a promise of another letter soon. Alvarez was anxious to know the result.

Some days after this, our travelers had the good

fortune to be shown all over the building where the great "Independent Crier" was published. It was toward morning, during the very fury of working off the daily edition. The great steam cylinder presses were whirling and clashing, and the whole building seemed possessed of evil spirits. They went through all the rooms, and saw the process of type-setting, stereotyping, printing and all. But what was their surprise, to have pointed out to them in one of the editorial departments, a lean, cadaverous individual, who, with a wet towel around his head, was writing away in great agitation. They were informed that he was getting ready the second letter on the exploring expedition. He had never been near the place he was writing about in his life, but so great were his talents and training, that it seemed to be quite unnecessary, and they were informed that herein consisted one of the great triumphs of journalism.

The talented writer whose graphic pen had described the accidental breaking loose of the ferocious animals some time before was also pointed out to them. He happened to be, most singularly, the only person who had witnessed the appalling affair; but his account of the carnage was so terrific that it

fairly dripped with gore. Those dreadful head-lines, "Shocking Sabbath Carnival of Death," and so on, had sent a thrill of horror through the community, from which it had taken days to recover. Many mothers had gone into convulsions, and several anxious fathers, upon reaching their places of business, had hurried home in agitation to keep their children out of the streets. The morning schools remained empty, and men with white lips moved anxiously from place to place, looking nervously about them. However, the whole matter otherwise ended harmlessly, and was considered to be a good joke.

Our travelers were much pleased with what they had seen, and more than ever impressed with the stirring enterprise of American journalism.





CHAPTER IX.

HAVE MERCY ON US MISERABLE SINNERS.



BRIGHT pleasant Sunday morning saw our two travelers leisurely strolling up Fifth avenue, on their way to a place of worship. Alvarez had of course been bred up in the Roman faith of his father; but he was not a bigoted man, and as he had attended mass at an early hour in the morning, he determined to devote the remainder of the day with his son, in visiting Protestant churches, which were more distinctively American.

To float along with the tide of richly-dressed men and women, on that bright morning, past the glistening marble hotel which faced the open square and pleasant Park, and again under the shadow of

the lordly mansions of brown stone, was enlivening and full of interest to a stranger. The distributing reservoir was reached, the handsome Jewish Synagogue passed, and at length they stopped before the unfinished but magnificent marble Cathedral which pointed its Gothic spires toward Heaven. Alvarez called Juan's attention to the liberal spirit prevailing among the people of the country, and the age which placed no let or hindrance on any man's religion, but let all worship as they pleased and build as they liked. Here, within a stone's throw of some great Protestant churches, on two of the most conspicuous and valuable sites in the city, stood the Temples of Judah, and of Rome, free and unmolested.

The cathedral, as Alvarez had been informed, was nearing completion slowly ; but he was proud to learn that it was being paid for as it rose upward, by contributions from the devout Catholics, rich and poor. All had a keen interest in the great Mother Church, and in spite of much ignorance and prejudice, which our traveler lamented, as observing at home, as well as in his travels, he could not help but feel that the humblest Romanist experienced a sense of property in the great united brotherhood,

and a superstitious awe and pleasure in regarding the Church as his mother, exercising a watchful care over him individually, and stretching out her arms lovingly to receive him.

At length, after some further wandering, the two Brazilians turned into a massive edifice, from which strains of exceedingly fine music were floating out in the open air. They entered respectfully and stood in the back part awhile and listened. The clear, rich voice of the soprano, carrying the air of a well-known sacred masterpiece of music, filled the susceptible soul of the young Juan with wonder and delight. He felt himself insensibly carried upward with those divine sounds to the company of the very angels in Heaven, and stood breathless in fear of losing a single note. The tenor joined a few moments after, and finally the whole quartette assisted to swell the anthem and send it reverberating in harmonious melody throughout the spacious church.

“How near one is brought to the Most High by divine music!” thought Juan. “Surely, no choir can sing like that which is not filled with the true spirit of worship, and feel devoutly what they sing.”

Our travelers, after watching awhile the crowd of most richly dressed persons, who continued to flock in the church, and noticing the fine broadcloths, the expensive laces, silks, and velvets, the glistening diamonds and heavy chains of curiously-wrought gold, judged that these persons must be under some strange delusion, as certain savages are represented to be, about their not being acceptable to the Holy Spirit, unless decorated in some peculiar manner. He noticed the ladies, in particular, gave each other most searching glances as they passed, as if being fearful that some detail had been omitted which ought to appear, or something had been done which should have been left undone.

The strangers finally procured seats up stairs in the rear of the church, and sat quietly during the service. As the gorgeous congregation knelt in prayer, and repeated after the minister, "Lord, have mercy on us, miserable sinners," Alvarez gazed curiously around, endeavoring to find some specimen of the abandoned wretches that Jesus of Nazareth came down to save. He looked in vain, however, for any evidence of poverty or distress, and judged, finally, that the church must be some higher grade of worship to which poor people were

not admitted. He was informed later that those softly-cushioned pews, which were most desirably located, commanded the most fabulous prices—from one thousand to twenty thousand dollars, for ownership, and a heavy yearly ground-rent beside. Many of the holders seemed to intend, according to Alvarez's idea of it, to take with them after this life enough funds to secure an equally desirable location in Heaven, apart from any poorly-clad and unsavory vagabonds that might be hanging around uninvited.

The service being ended, the sermon began. As Juan was seated near where the choir was located, he had followed it throughout with rapt attention. The musical duties being over for quite awhile, after the minister began reading his lecture, the heavy curtains around and in front of the organ were closely drawn. After a short time Juan thought he heard sounds of suppressed merriment behind the crimson folds, and gazing curiously from a short distance, through a vacant space which had been inadvertently left, he was surprised to see each member of the quartette, and the organist, with a glass of wine, silently drinking one another's health. The heavenly soprano emptied her glass with great

apparent relish, and somewhat of a smack. This little performance ended, Juan was horrified to see a newspaper, with extremely loud illustrations, produced for examination, with the young tenor leaning most affectionately over the shoulder of the not unwilling alto. Juan's faith in the deep devotion of that choir was more or less shaken. Heretofore his short experience of the rude world had not led him to believe that inspiration does not always come direct from Heaven, but may frequently appear through the medium of dollars and cents, and sometimes by the assistance of ardent spirits.

When the sermon was over, and the services of the choir were again called in requisition, that wonderful soprano, that melodious tenor, with the clear alto and deep baritone, accompanied by the sympathetic organ, filled the church with music as grandly beautiful and harmonious as ever ; but its charm was gone for Juan as he walked with his father sadly down the stair and out into the street.

A stroll down Fifth avenue as the different churches along the route were emptying out their occupants was more lively than before. The sidewalks on both sides the thoroughfare were thronged, while gay carriages filled the centre of the street

woman, meantime, was slowly grinding out some doleful and discordant notes in a low, monotonous tone, from a little battered miniature of an organ, which rested on the ground in front of her. It was a strangely incongruous picture, formed by these miserable waifs of humanity in the foreground, with the great, glistening, stately church rising up behind.

A handsome carriage, with a driver and footman in livery, drove up to the entrance. The latter quickly jumped down and opened the door of the coach, from which a portly gentleman of advanced years stepped, followed by a richly-dressed lady, apparently his daughter, whom he assisted to alight. A black cloud spread over the features of the gentleman as his eye caught the crouching woman, with her dirty little ones.

“Damme! What’s this?” muttered he to himself. “Jones should be on the lookout better than this. Here you! get along out of that! Bless my heart! it’s no good to try to help these abandoned vagabonds. We raised a hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year to help them along, and there seems to be more poor than ever, and the more you give them the lazier they get.”

Just then the policeman sauntered up.

"Here, officer," cried the irascible old gentleman, "drive this woman and her wretched cubs away from here. The audacious beggar! to come here right in front of the church-door with her infernal instrument. Away with her!"

The policeman motioned with his club for the outcast to take her load and move on, which she slowly proceeded to get herself together and obey, while the offended church-member, swelling with indignation, entered the sacred edifice and proceeded to his comfortable cushioned seat.

Juan watched the retreating form of the poor woman, and wondered what thoughts were working through her dull and sluggish mind, and what conception she could possibly have of that Saviour who came down from Heaven to rescue her from destruction, and in whose honor the great church bearing aloft the sacred cross had been raised. That church was nothing to her, that Saviour she had never known or heard about; she had only reckoned, in her blind, vague way, that there would be a crowd there, and she might pick up a few sorry coins by stationing herself near.

Alvarez, with his son, stepped into the vestibule



of the church, and stood a few moments. Several others were also standing around irresolute. A notice stated that strangers should ask the sexton for seats, but as Alvarez saw no one that appeared to be the sexton, or any one that gave any answer to his general glance of inquiry, he presumed the functionary was inside. A large, well-expanded individual was seated comfortably out there, gazing around superciliously on the people, and although our traveler could not determine just what his office was, he judged that he could not possibly be an under-servant of the church. He thought, rather, from the gentleman's lordly appearance and manner, that he must be part owner or something extremely elevated. Our travelers, therefore, stepped inside, but had hardly been there two seconds, when an under-sexton pounced in on them, and hustled them out.

"Wait outside, will you?" said he, in a savage whisper.

As Alvarez and Juan proceeded into the vestibule again, the lordly gentleman seated there, who turned out to be the head-sexton, gave them a warning glance, and held up his fat forefinger, at which glance and action they felt considerably awed.

Two other gentlemen entered from the street, and after standing around a few moments, stepped up to the inner door, and pushing it open an inch or so, peeped into the body of the church. This audacity seemed to irritate the corpulent gentleman almost beyond endurance.

“Don’t stand round the door there !” cried he, in sharp tones. “Step back, can’t you ?”

His features were knotted in an unsightly frown, but changed most rapidly as a wealthy lady and gentleman, pew owners, entered, having just alighted from their carriage. Radiant smiles wreathed his countenance as he hastily arose and showed them to their seats. Members now began to arrive rapidly, but after awhile stopped with plenty of pews still vacant. After our travelers had waited around about three-quarters of an hour in all, the florid gentleman beamed upon them, and a kind permission was given for two to enter, the other strangers being rigidly frowned back. The latter only succeeded in getting in after considerable more delay and much difficulty, although the building at last was but about two-thirds full.

The minister, in his discourse, made some allusion to the inhospitality of his church, and lamented

it extremely, but seemed powerless to help it. In fact, the full-blown individual who stationed himself out in the vestibule, as Captain Marryatt used to describe the commandant of a frigate planting himself on quarter-deck, seemed the real master of the situation. In an issue, as Alvarez was afterwards informed, which had arisen some time back, whereby some little effort had been made on the part of the pastor to oust the doughty sexton, the latter had confidently asserted that if either went it would be the preacher and not him. The result proved that both stayed, with the officer at the entrance of the church overshadowing the one at the altar in a very marked degree. The sexton had made himself useful and agreeable to the ladies of the congregation; so much so, that the wives and daughters of the hundred millions or more of capital represented there could not spare him—and he stayed.

From the reception they had received, and the general air of the congregation throughout, our travelers had from the first a most uncomfortable sensation of being interlopers and intruders. They felt that they were not wanted, and that the manner of the congregation indicated plainly that they con-

sidered it unwarranted presumption on the part of any outsider not having a pew of his own to want to come in and worship the Almighty in that building. Our Brazilians, therefore, experienced a sensation of relief upon getting outside and wending their way back to their hotel.

In looking over a morning paper Alvarez saw that a divine at another church had advertised to preach on a certain subject that evening upon which he was anxious to hear a Protestant pastor dilate. He therefore concluded with Juan to venture once more. Half-past seven found them comfortably seated in a spacious, well-filled church. They had been admitted and ushered to a seat cordially and without delay. The service was interesting and elevating, and our travelers were well pleased. At the close of the service, however, when they were confidently expecting the sermon, the pastor came forward with a few remarks, stating that in consequence of more important business, the sermon would be indefinitely postponed. He stated that the congregation was aware of the great debt under which the church groaned, a debt aggregating nearly a quarter of a million dollars. He called to mind the manly hopefulness and faith with which

the members had united to pull down the old edifice, which, though very good in its way, was scarcely of sufficient dignity for a proper worship of Almighty God, and had gloriously incurred the great debt aforesaid. That debt, which they had already attacked valiantly in the morning, they were now going to make an effort to pay off entirely that night; and to this end he introduced to them Mr. Ferguson, who had agreed to lend his valuable assistance. As a tall, dark man arose and stepped up in front of the church, a gentleman who sat next to Alvarez exclaimed:

“By jingo! Ferguson has got along here, too, eh!”

“Why, where did he come from?” asked our Brazilian, with considerable interest.

“Come from! Why he’s all over, from California to Massachusetts.”

“And his business?”

“Is paying off church debts.”

“Will his fortune be sufficient to pay them all off?”

“Fortune! He hasn’t any fortune. He is a traveling salesman for a factory, but has a most remarkable faculty for raising money for other people.”

“An unusual faculty, truly.”

“You see,” continued the stranger to Alvarez in a whisper, “nine out of ten of the churches built within the last twenty years, have been built largely on faith and without funds. It is usually calculated that a handsome church with an eloquent minister and fine choir will soon draw a paying congregation, while a humble edifice with inferior accompaniments would stand empty for years. A large majority of churches, being shingled all over with mortgages, are powerless for outside good, having all they can do to raise their interest money. Some church-goers are proud of their debt, and actually reckon it a benefit, as tending to concentrate work and effort. Besides this, when approached for other charitable objects they can always say, ‘Ah ! there’s our debt, you know ; we must take care of that.’ In a very great many of our church edifices, the expounding of God’s word is so intermixed with desperate appeals for money, to stave off foreclosures and pay running expenses, that it is to some people rather discouraging. There is a general tendency among Protestant congregations, if any portion becomes dissatisfied, to split up and set up a church on their own account, no matter what it costs.”

The whispered conversation was here interrupted by the interest excited by Mr. Ferguson's novel method of taking hold. He began by securing the services of eighteen canvassers to work on the main floor, and six to run the galleries, while a secretary was at hand to record the subscriptions as they came in. The first call was for ten pledges of ten thousand dollars each, of which he, Mr. Ferguson, was authorized to make up the three last. These came in slowly, but when the fund pledged had reached \$70,000, a second call was issued for twelve five-thousand-dollar obligations, of which the speaker stood ready to put up the eleventh and twelfth. As the session had already lasted long beyond the usual time, some began to be uneasy and commenced leaving; but the pastor arose and most earnestly exhorted the congregation to keep their seats, and not humiliate him by going. Most, therefore, kept quiet, our Brazilians among the number, as hour after hour sped away. During this time, the pastor prayed, the manager gave interesting reminiscences of his former successes, and the canvassers continued busily at work. It was nearly midnight before further effort was abandoned, and the congregation finally dismissed. As

our astonished travelers wended their way out, Alvarez could not help thinking that although it was a glorious thing to pay off a debt, it was a wiser to keep out of it altogether, and "owe no man anything."





CHAPTER X.

THE IDYLS OF THE RING.



AUNTERING around in the neighborhood of the City Prison in Centre street, a few mornings after, Alvarez and Juan were overtaken by their old acquaintance Blodson, who, it seemed, practiced considerably in the courts there, in the defense of oppressed citizens.

“Ah, Señor!” cried the attorney, “still in the city, eh! Are you ready to go ahead with that prosecution?”

“I am still here, for one can’t see all there is to seen in a hurry. I find there is much to learn.”

“Many things are more curious than we supposed,” said Juan, emphatically.

"But I have decided not to go to law just yet," said Alvarez.

"Ah! Well, would you like to investigate our Tombs?"

"Tombs! What! Have you Catacombs, then?"

"Not at all. The prison here, I mean."

Our travelers looked up and saw lowering down upon them a dark gloomy structure of gray stone; it seemed solemn enough and threatening enough to be the receptacle of the dead. They expressed their desire to see the interior of the prison, as they ascended together the steep flight of steps leading to the court rooms. Blodson, telling them to wait a moment, disappeared, and returning shortly after, brought with him three tickets from one of the judges, allowing them admission. The lawyer, stating he had a short time to spare, agreed to accompany them, so they proceeded round the corner to the entrance in Franklin street, and were soon admitted to the court yard of the jail.

A feeling of terror smote upon the young soul of Juan, and his breath came thick and short. He had a vague foreboding of something occurring which might prevent him from getting out. He might lose his ticket and the gate-keepers refuse to

allow him to pass ; he therefore clutched it in his hand desperately, and held that hand in his pocket.

Carpenters were putting up a triple gallows in the yard, the sound of their hammers being borne in to the ears of the condemned men on the lower tier of cells.

“There is to be an execution,” said Alvarez in a whisper to the lawyer.

“Yes, three low negroes, about half animals, murdered a poor pedlar in the woods a short time ago, and they are now to suffer the penalty.”

“Three lives for one, and so soon ! Your death punishment here is swift and sure.”

“That depends,” coolly remarked Blodson. “These chaps were poor and had no friends, and the court put ’em right through without delay. But let us enter.”

They were admitted by another keeper, and mounted a pair of iron stairs to the second tier. There our two travelers walked mournfully along, gazing in the different cells at human beings who appeared as wild animals in cages. They stopped a moment before one cell which had a carpet on, a handsome bed covering, and altogether appeared tolerably luxurious. A good-looking and fashiona-

bly-dressed young man was standing up, smoking and reading a paper. He shut his inner iron door quickly when he saw he was being gazed at. Upon inquiry, Alvarez learned that he was a celebrated gentleman, who had calmly waited for his victim, and deliberately taking aim with his pistol, fired twice, threw aside the weapon, and walked away.

"Now under sentence of death, I suppose?"

"Not at all. Had plenty of money to engage talent. Money can do anything, my friend."

"What defense could he possibly have? Methinks he would have been tried at once, and a verdict rendered in a few hours."

"Ah! but his lawyers understood human nature too well. They fought hard for delay, and got it, and delay cooled off the interest in the matter, and the public thirst for vengeance. But even then, on the first trial, he was convicted; so his lawyers entered the plea of new evidence, and he was granted a new trial."

"But they haven't cleared him?"

"Not quite; but next to it. They finally proved to the satisfaction of the jury that it was not the prisoner who killed the deceased at all, but the doctors, in probing for the ball. So, after a delay

of some three years a verdict of manslaughter was brought in with a sentence of a short imprisonment, which imprisonment his lawyers made a move to curtail by deducting all the time he had been in jail already, waiting his numerous hearings and trials. He is about to go up to Sing Sing now, to keep books, or do something or other equally as arduous."

"Strange! And this is justice?"

"Certainly. Nobody need be hung for murder here that has friends enough and money enough. Justice may be blind, but she can always manage to hear the shekels jingle in the rich man's pocket."

Alvarez pondered this saying as they mounted up to another tier and continued their mournful walk around. Still another tier of cells above this brought them to the more moderate offenders, where two or three were confined in the same cage. As they descended and came out once more into the prison-yard, the large gates were opened, and the "black Maria," entered, laden with prisoners from the different station-houses at a distance. Our two travelers stood one side with their companion, and watched the unloading of the dilapidated wretches, handcuffed two by two. Little did Alvarez suppose that in a short time he would be an occupant of this

very conveyance, and enter a prisoner into this very court. As they emerged into the street the two strangers gave vent to a sigh of relief, and breathed free once more.

Blodson said he would have to return to his office in Nassau street, and his two companions said they would accompany him part of the way. When they reached the corner of Chambers street a great blackened marble building toward Broadway attracted Alvarez's attention. It had a huge barn-like wooden structure on top, and, being all jagged and incomplete, puzzled our Brazilian not a little.

"Is this another prison, a Quaker meeting-house, or what?" asked he.

"My dear sir," replied Blodson, "it is the most celebrated building in the land. It has taken over ten years' time and more than twelve millions in money to get it along so far, and still it is incomplete."

"Why, sir, you surprise me. I would not have supposed it."

"And no one else not acquainted with the circumstances. The bills rendered the city show that 11,000 yards of carpet at an average cost of sixty dollars a yard have been spread upon its ample floors,

2,000 window shades at one hundred dollars each have tempered the light of the glaring sun, while 10,000 chairs at one hundred and seventy-five dollars apiece were provided for the weary limbs of the toilers of the law, with 1,000 desks at a thousand dollars each, and all other things in the same grand proportion."

"What!" exclaimed the Brazilian, in astonishment, starting forward. "Do you hear this, Juan! Let us hasten to view these splendors. Not the ancient wonders of the Temple at Jerusalem could surpass this. Are they accessible to all?" inquired he eagerly of Blodson.

"Not so fast! I said these bills were paid, *not* that the goods were ever actually furnished."

"Certainly a distinction with a difference."

"Just so."

"But I do not understand how so much money could be paid, and the goods not all delivered."

"Very few could for a long time—the process is now found to have been very simple."

"Have you no officers appointed to see that the people receive what they pay for?"

"Oh, yes! Several signatures are required before bills can be paid; but in this case everything

was found all straight and legal, with the right names all in the proper places. It is the safeguard of our liberties, Señor, to abide by the *forms* of the law."

"True ; but it is not clear how it all was brought about. It strikes me as impossible ever to have perpetrated such a wrong."

"Ah ! my dear sir, the world progresses. In the clumsy times of the early Republic men were children in the art of ruling. The present refinement in our official life is the outgrowth of our civilization, and the blossoming of our method of legislation. Why, my dear sir, this city has now some three thousand laws, and over one hundred millions of debt."

"I presume, of course, as knowledge advanced methods must have improved," said the Brazilian, decidedly.

"Just so," said Blodson, laconically. "You see one of our political parties here is run by an organization, more or less secret, of which the head sachem is absolute chief, and dictates his will to that party with the positiveness of the sultan of Turkey."

"And this in a free representative government ?"

“Precisely. The statesman in the case before us, at that time the potentate which I hinted at, occupied certain offices himself—nearly a dozen, I believe, all told—others of the organization filled the chief positions in the city, while a protégé sat in the governor’s chair. The details were easily arranged.”

Alvarez, who was anxious to learn all he could of this matter, as with all other matters connected with the American people, whom he had always admired so much, could not get full satisfaction. The transactions were enveloped in a vague cloud of mystery which he could not seem to penetrate.

“Stop a moment!” said Blodson, suddenly, as if recollecting himself. “Suppose we step into the council room here, and you can see the great statesman himself, now on exhibition.”

Our Brazilians complied with alacrity, and crossing over to the City Hall, were soon on the threshold of the sacred chamber. Taking off their hats they entered on tip-toe and looked around. The council was assembled, solemnly presided over by a dignified chairman, who seemed, from muscle and features displayed, rather more able to fell an ox than to promulgate rulings to a legislative body.

Two or three of the members Alvarez recollected to have seen on horseback or in carriages during the procession of the long tails and high hats of St. Patrick's day, while some of the others, he judged must certainly be near relatives to a few of the unfortunates he had just left at the Tombs.

"These, I take it," said Alvarez to Blodson in a whisper, "are the representatives of your best citizens."

"Not at all. They are politicians."

"Politicians!"

"Certainly. You must know there are different professions and walks in life. My neighbor is a merchant, my brother a doctor, I am a lawyer, *these* are politicians. The world owes us all a living, and each one has his fancy how to get it."

"But are they a class distinct and not chosen from among your wisest and best?" inquired Juan, eagerly.

"Most assuredly. Our best citizens would hesitate to associate with these."

"And do they allow themselves to be governed, and their money appropriated, by men they would not notice socially?" persisted the young man.

"Nay, Juan," put in Alvarez, reddening a lit-

tle. "Do not annoy our friend by too many questions."

The examination was going forward in a free-and-easy manner, one of the city fathers bearing the burden of the questioning. The great statesman sat in his easy chair and looked smilingly around, apparently not at all awed by the august assemblage which had him in charge. The questioner once in a while gave vent to some rather forcible interjections, as "This won't go down," "Rather too thin," or "Never mind whose corns you tread on, spit it out," and so on. Cigars were being smoked, tobacco juice squirted around, and the air was redolent with the fumes of whisky and beer.

Alvarez listened with great interest to the testimony of the keen jovial old gentleman, as he every once in awhile hit off a joke that set the company in a roar. His statement as to his methods of buying up votes at the State Capital, as well as the various prices paid, were made with as much indifference, and quite as much as a matter of course as a farmer would discuss the purchase of sheep. What seemed to add greater zest to his narrative, to those by whom he was questioned, as

well as to himself, was the fact that his principal purchases had been made among the members of the opposite political party, which party had all along pretended to much greater virtue than his own. This furnished material for several very good jokes upon the part of the narrator.

Alvarez continued to listen in wonder somewhat akin to fear, as the political methods by which a great city was governed, and a legislature was bought up, proceeded to be unfolded. The story seemed so strange, involving as it did, so many officials, so many merchants in supposed good standing, so many judges on the bench and editors at their posts, so many individuals in all the walks of life, as to be almost beyond belief. Once our Brazilian would have withdrawn, desiring to keep from Juan's ears the unholy tale, but the young man insisted upon staying, saying they had come to investigate fully American affairs, and did not wish to leave anything unlearned.

Never would he have supposed that the witness before them was the originator, ringleader, head-pusher, in the whole system of plunder and corruption, and sat there a self-convicted thief. He imagined that a certain sense of shame and repent-

ance would have overwhelmed and broken down the old man, and that those around him would have shrunk away in horror, or regarded him as some unusual monstrosity of nature. But, on the contrary, the unblushing effrontery, the self-possession, not to say self-satisfaction of the former chief, as well as the easy familiarity of his inquisitors, the exchange of jokes, and the general good-nature prevailing as one reputation after another was blackened, and one iniquity after another was unfolded, surpassed anything that might have been conceived.

The statesman was given a short respite to look over his papers, and see that he did not injure any one of his party that might be on the ticket which was about to be run, and in the mean time an expert in book-keeping was called in. This gentleman's testimony was to the effect that the combination of the city office-holders, during the three years and a half in which they had had full power, had, according to his careful investigations, succeeded in despoiling the city and putting in their own pockets about \$26,500,000. The whole had been done according to strict legal forms on the face, by a system of raising bills, forty, fifty, sixty per cent. above their true value, and having all such bills

audited as correct. If there happened to be any law in force interfering with their operations, they promptly went to Albany and had the old law repealed or a new one passed, always ascertaining and paying the cost of such passage. For six years the city had been in full possession of all the facts, and employed able talent to prosecute its claims, but up to that time had recovered less than \$700,000, at a cost of about a quarter of a million, and this mostly by most shameful compromises with certain of the thieves.

Blodson had left the council chamber a short time after entering, but the two travelers remained till the end of the session. Before leaving, they learned not only the miserable pecuniary results of the long, cumbersome litigations, but saw also the moral effect that must have been exerted in the long delays, the negotiations, the guarantees, the releases, and the legal whitewashings. One of the conspirators, at the time, was riding in his carriage in ostentatious luxury, another accepting compliments from the bench, a third in a foreign country coolly negotiating with the officers of justice here, while the leader of the whole sat quietly cracking jokes with the common council, and haggling over

the conditions of his release. Altogether, it was a sad and bitter experience for our earnest and honest travelers, and they felt subdued and unhappy as they turned to leave the room.





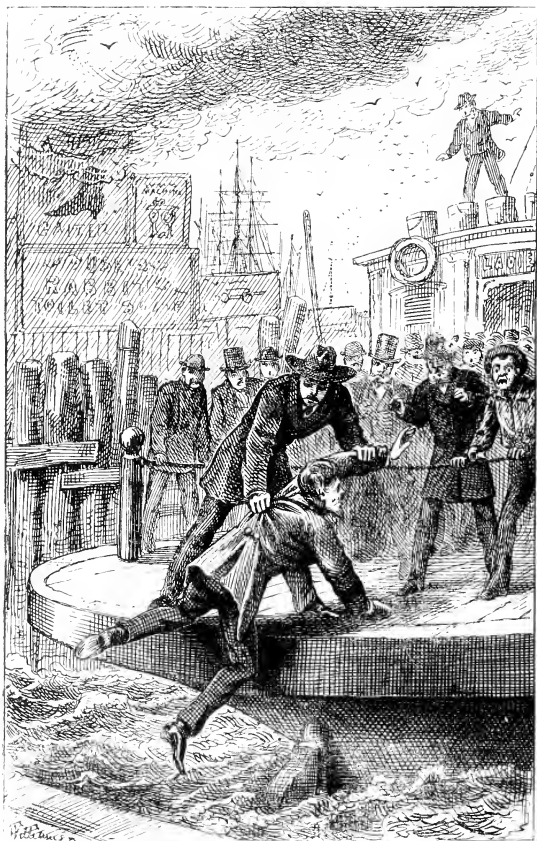
CHAPTER XI.

AN ATTACK ON THE DEVIL.



ANOTHER week had passed away, and our two Brazilians, father and son, had continued their peregrinations and investigations. Many mishaps had befallen them, many surprises had awaited them on every hand. When Sunday arrived once more, they resolved to cross the river, and pass it in the great City of Churches, of which they had heard so much. They had not been altogether pleased with their experience in the fashionable houses of worship in the metropolis, but they had understood that, in the sister city, things were conducted in a much more humble and primitive manner. The most famous preacher there, they were told, was





the Reverend Edward Hale Belcher, though just for what reason he was famous, they did not fully understand. They resolved, however, to visit his church.

They started early, and proceeded down to Fulton Ferry. The boat was tolerably full, and as the morning was bright, they stood outside the ladies' cabin astern. Just as the iron gates were closed, and the boat about to start, several men, apparently in the most frenzied hurry, rushed through the outer entrance, clambered over the bristling spikes, at the risk of impaling themselves, and hastening to the brink of the dock, leaped after the retreating boat. The toes of one of the last individuals just striking the edge, he fell forward, and losing his balance, would have gone overboard, had not Juan grabbed him by the coat collar and hauled him on the boat. Breathless, and his clothing torn, the eager gentleman clung to the chain-post until he could recover himself a little.

Alvarez supposed he must be some physician, on the way to a patient dangerously ill, or some official behind time and endeavoring to keep an important engagement, or at least some one having the most urgent and valuable business to attend to, that he

would thus so recklessly risk his life to catch the boat, when, as the Brazilian understood, there would be another in so short a time. Judge of our traveler's surprise, therefore, when upon some respectful questioning, he found him only to be on his way to a friend's house, with whom he intended spending the day, and there was not the slightest need of hurry. He was told, furthermore, shortly after, that many risked their lives and limbs daily in frantic endeavors to catch a boat and reach the other side a few minutes sooner, when they usually had not the slightest use for the time so gained, and, in fact, experienced difficulty, in some cases, to kill time at all.

The massive stone towers of the Brooklyn bridge, at that time but partially finished, attracted the attention of our travelers. The boat going in the slip immediately adjoining the masonry on the Brooklyn side, the great pile frowned over them in the most fearful and threatening manner. It looked as if it was going to fall and crush boat, people, and everything to atoms. Alvarez accosted a gentleman along side of him, as they were walking up Fulton street together.

“A great work this, sir.”

“Yes, indeed,” acquiesced the other

“I suppose they are shoving it ahead in true American fashion?”

“Well, they’ve been stopped by the usual American impediment.”

“How’s that?”

“They are out of funds. The contractors have already spent, on the unfinished towers, as much as was originally estimated for the whole work, laying the bridge and all. Appropriations have been stopped while the parties who had the handling of the money are under indictment for fraud, and their accounts are being investigated in the courts.”

“Indeed!”

“Oh! yes; our usual way. It is estimated now that it can’t be completed for less than ten millions.”

“A vast sum! And will it ever be worth the cost?”

“Very doubtful. Certainly never to New York, possibly to Brooklyn in the dim future. In the mean time all sorts of injunctions are being sworn out to assist in hindering the work. It is positively asserted that it will not be high enough, as the plans now are, to allow large vessels to pass under;

but the engineers prefer to finish it all as it is, so if it should prove too low, and the injunctions hold, the work will have to be removed and done over again at enormous cost. Our usual style. Good day."

Wondering at this information, Alvarez with his son proceeded slowly up Fulton street, following the human stream ahead of him. Obeying the directions they had noted down, they soon found themselves in the midst of a great concourse of people, out in the street in front of the church door. Seeing others going in briskly, they also advanced, but was stopped by the usher who was out on the sidewalk, near one of the gates, talking most earnestly to the crowd.

"Have you seats?" asked he sharply of them.

"We are looking for seats, sir."

"Can't come in: step back."

Alvarez, from his short sojourn in America, already having had his preconceived ideas much confused, had somehow gathered up the conviction that money was the ruling power, and to get anywhere or do anything was only a question of price. He therefore promptly pulled out his pocket-book, and wanted to know how much two good seats would be.

“Confound your eyes!” involuntarily exclaimed the irritated usher. “Get back there and stand up alongside the fence, can’t you?”

Alvarez could not seem to thoroughly understand the matter, and as he was still hesitating, a burly policeman, who was on guard, took him by the collar and slammed him up against the iron railing with considerable violence, at the same time exclaiming :

“Ye can’t make any muss here, ye ould villin !”

Juan, who had hold of his father’s arm, shared the shock, and both were silent from surprise and indignation. They noticed six policemen in all on duty, and judged a most unruly lot of religious vagabonds must be in the habit of coming there, to require such a force to keep them in order. They thought perhaps the magic of the preacher’s eloquence might be such that he drew a collection of abandoned desperadoes to him that no other minister could. In this idea they felt some comfort. Very much fearing arrest if they stepped out of line, as the policeman still had his eye sharply on them, they stood still in fear and trembling. At length some sort of signal was given, and they felt themselves suddenly borne forward by the surging

crowd behind. Crushed and breathless, unable to withstand the rush, they were almost lifted from their feet, as they found themselves crammed through two doorways, and finally inside the church. There they at length obtained rest by being given seats in the aisle, in which they thankfully placed themselves and looked around.

A large, plain edifice, having great blank staring walls, but capable, from the number of seats in gallery and ground floor, of holding a very large number of people, was at that time filled to overflowing, from top to bottom. A massive organ stood in the back of the church, beneath which a plain platform, with steps leading up each side, a table, a large stand of flowers, and an easy chair, completed the machinery of the pulpit.

The Rev. Edward Hale Belcher soon entered, upon which there was a perceptible motion of excitement and anticipation in the vast audience. A piece of music by the expert part of the choir, a lowly-murmured prayer by the minister, a hymn sung by the whole congregation, a chapter from the Bible, a long prayer, the reading of notices, and another hymn, and the preacher was at length ready for his discourse.

His text was upon Charity in its broad sense—the duty of man to be considerate toward his fellow-men. He proceeded to the unfolding of his theories in the most masterly manner, and riddled the want of liberality and the narrow-mindedness found in so many people. He attacked the foundations of many honest persons' religion by ridiculing the strictness and prejudice with which they clung to the old-time convictions of their forefathers. "Many men," said he, "think religion consists in looking solemn, and doing nothing bad. But their great apprehension of not doing anything which could bear the appearance of evil, frequently leads them to do nothing at all. What kind of a husbandman would that be who should give his entire attention solely to keeping down the weeds? A friend might visit him at harvest time and be shown all over the farm,"—here he walked around the platform in the manner of a self-satisfied farmer showing around another—"admiring the clean roadways, the well-ploughed and furrowed fields, and then inquire, 'But, sir, where's your corn?' 'Oh! I haven't any corn.' 'No corn! well, where's your oats, and hay?' 'Didn't raise any oats or hay.' 'Well! where's your vegetables

and fruit, then?' 'My dear sir, I haven't paid attention to any thing of these things.' 'Well then! what under the sun have you raised?' 'Raised! why, *no weeds.*'" When this anecdote was finished there was at first a murmur, and afterwards a roar of laughter through the audience. One man in the gallery even knocked on the floor with his cane, in his enthusiasm. In a few moments after, the preacher had glided from the humorous into the pathetic, and telling some very touching incident, the whole audience was instantly in tears.

But the preacher proceeded, aiming blow after blow against many an old-fashioned idea and custom. At length he seemed to strike a defiant tone, and making some personal allusion to himself, which Alvarez did not fully understand, he rose to a pitch of most enthusiastic eloquence and brought down the house in a round of cheers. Thus the alternate laughing, crying, and cheering proceeded throughout the discourse.

The place of eternal torment seemed a location against which the preacher had an especial antipathy, and several times during the sermon he shot out sentences placing Hades and the ideas of many persons concerning it in a most ludicrous light.

To Alvarez it was certainly somewhat exciting and altogether more interesting than anything he had witnessed in the other city the Sunday before. But the whole performance was exceedingly bewildering to him. Although much more lively and more entertaining than many places of amusement, where he had spent considerable money, and which made much greater pretenses, he had thought all the time that he was in a place of worship, and in any event had been admitted free of expense.

The leading religious idea he gathered from the discourse was, that everybody should be exceedingly tolerant of everything, and liberality of thought should be the order of the day. If a man had convictions let him have them, if they pleased him, although another might believe them mixed with error. Man was a free agent in a certain sense, but a creature of predestination in another, and everything would come out all right in the end. It struck Alvarez that such an exceeding amount of liberality, carried to its logical extent, might degenerate into license, and a man living a free-and-easy sort of life, and believing others should do the same, would have poor armor to resist temptation in the hour of trial.

Alvarez was not a bigoted man, but he had old-fashioned ideas on many subjects. An eternal place of punishment he had believed implicitly in from his childhood, and to hear it now treated in this style was not altogether pleasant. Besides this, from his reading of American history, he had somehow imbibed the idea, that the stern old Pilgrims, in their rigid ideas of right and wrong, and in a certain uncompromising attitude toward sin in any shape, as unlovely and unmerciful as they were in many respects, had still tended largely, if not mainly, to give backbone and character to the young country and instil into its people that early virtuous indignation against tyranny and wrong, which had given them so glorious a record among mankind. The whole drift of the sermon, or lecture, he had heard, tended to a complete breaking up of all this and an effort to place such ideas in a ridiculous aspect.

The discourse was finally brought to a close, and a collection ordered to be taken up. Juan suddenly recognized Mr. Milman passing one of the plates, and designated him to his father. As Mr. Milman was coming down the aisle in which our travelers were located, he had soon reached and recognized them.

"Will see you after church," he whispered, as he passed on.

The service entirely over, the great body of people began to troop slowly out. When they reached the street, Milman soon caught up with Alvarez and his son, and mutual salutations passed.

"You should have told me you were coming, and I would have brought you in our pew," said Milman.

"Oh! thank you," replied Alvarez, "we did very well," at the same time thinking of his rather rough reception against the iron railing.

"Well, now you are here, you must come right home to dinner with me. You have already delayed too long your promised visit."

"We had not thought of it when we started, but shall gladly accept your kind invitation."

"My wife and daughter are eager to see you."

They conversed pleasantly awhile as they walked along, our travelers keenly on the watch for anything new or strange.

Alvarez had overheard a dialogue between two gentlemen, who were conversing in an undertone, as they were squeezing out of church, and it had mystified him somewhat.

“Belcher rather let himself out to-day,” said number one.

“Well, yes, rather,” replied his friend. “Nothing of the ragged edge visible, though.”

“No, but a pretty straight invitation to the old boy to ‘step down and out.’ ”

“Yes. It may be all well enough for *him* to have a belief about that functionary being played out, but I don’t see why he can’t let the rest of the people enjoy him as much as they please.”

“So he ought. But we can’t afford to lose Belcher at any cost. He’s too big a gun; he’s made this church, and there’s nobody to take his place.”

With this, the friends had reached the street and passed out of hearing.

A pleasant walk of a few minutes brought our travelers to the house of their friendly host on the Heights, which overlooked the water and the great city beyond.





CHAPTER XII.

CATARACTS OF FLAMING VENGEANCE.



HEY found that Mrs. Milman and Miss Bella had arrived at the mansion before them, and cordial introductions took place all around. The wife of our banker was a well-dressed and good-looking middle-aged lady. Her daughter, likewise exceedingly attractive, though young in years, seemed to possess a calm self-command that was somewhat remarkable.

It may be as well to say that the arrival of the strangers, at some time or other, had not been unexpected, and the two ladies had been more or less impatient at the rather long delay. Mr. Milman had told his wife that he expected Señor Alvarez with his son ; that he was a rich and cultivated Brazilian

gentleman, traveling for amusement and instruction, and he wished him to be received in proper style. Mrs. Milman took mental note of all this, but went much further in her plans than her husband supposed. If the man was rich, cultivated, nothing to do but travel, and with a marriageable son on his hands, he certainly was worth attention. Bella was rapidly growing older, and though accomplished and pretty, nothing satisfactory in the matrimonial line had as yet offered. A campaign each at Saratoga and Long Branch, with two winters in society at home, had only brought three offers of indifferent poor-devil clerks, more or less presumptuous on their part, and, of course, such as could not be accepted.

A good understanding existed between the mother and daughter, of which the following conversation may serve as an example.

“You must see to it, Bella, that you entertain the young man properly. He is very rich.”

“Well! But I believe all these Brazilians are negroes.”

“Suppose they are. Let him be as black as the ace of spades, as long as he owns a diamond mine, as Papa says he believes he does.”

“La! Diamonds by the bushel are worth considering.”

“And you recollect the great Cuban marriage, a year or so ago, what a sensation it made. My dear, if you play your cards well, we will beat that, and have both cities in an uproar with the great Brazilian marriage. I don’t care how black or how ugly he may be.”

“Well, if it comes to that, nor I,” said the pretty Bella, shrugging her shoulders. “I have no doubt I could manage him easy enough, and I’d be sure to get money enough out of him. Papa has been awfully stingy of late, and I’ve felt myself looking as shabby as a beggar.”

“Well, your papa says you are costing him a great deal of money.”

Bella put out her cherry lips in a little pout, and tapped her tiny foot impatiently on the carpet. Thus the consultation ended for that day, but was resumed again at intervals, while getting some feminine decorations in order, in time for the expected arrival.

Alvarez and Juan was shown in the parlor by the gentleman of the house, while the ladies removed their things and got themselves in shape for dinner.

“Your pastor is exceedingly liberal in his ideas,” said Alvarez to Milman, as the three gentlemen were comfortably seated in the parlor.

“Yes, it is the tendency of the age and the country we live in,” replied the host. “Mr. Belcher has always been a pioneer in thought, and has done much to break up many a time-honored prejudice. Liberality to all is his great watchword, and is gradually extending among all classes of our people. Take our business men, for instance—how easy they now give credit, and how lenient toward a man in his misfortunes. Every merchant is supposed to fail once, and many twice or thrice, before they get on any satisfactory foundation to themselves or the community. It used to be considered in primitive times, and is even now in some other countries, a disgrace for a man to undertake engagements he could not meet; and when a merchant failed with a reasonable indication of recklessness, bad management, or dishonesty, he could never get credit again, even by giving up everything he had to his creditors. It is now considered foolhardy for a man to give up all or anywhere near all, and the one who has the greatest capacity to fix things, and come out ahead after

making a settlement, is pointed out as a smart man."

"You are an ingenious people," said Alvarez.

"The reasoning is sound," resumed Milman. "It is held that if one does not look out for himself no one will look out for him, and unless he makes some provision for a fair capital to start with again, he will be all at sea. A wife is a great help in time of failure, as it is usually found that all the property is in her name, and if there is any delay or difficulty in getting a settlement, the merchant can go right on and do business as agent for his wife."

"True, so he can," mused Alvarez.

"Our bankrupt law is also a great help to merchants who can't pay their debts. It has received some modification at the present time which renders it a little more embarrassing; but formerly all a person had to do was to step up and swear he had turned over all he possessed, with some few exceptions which the law allowed him, and he received a full and free discharge from all his debts and could go on unincumbered in business. Now a bankrupt cannot voluntarily take the benefit of the act and receive a discharge without his estate pays thirty per cent., but as it only takes one-third the number

of creditors, and one-quarter the amount of indebtedness, to put him into involuntary bankruptcy, when he may receive his discharge no matter what he pays, it always turns out that a smart man has relations enough to whom he owes borrowed money, real or imaginary, and friends enough to whom he may be indebted petty amounts, to fix this all right for him. In any case, the real creditors seldom get anything, as expenses, delays and fictitious claims usually eat up all. But they are used to it, and don't care."

"Ah! I see," said Alvarez; "the law favors the unfortunate debtor class, and shields him from the grasp of the unscrupulous creditor."

"Precisely. The thing has become so common that some stationers find it profitable to have blanks printed which can be filled up at pleasure. New York merchants frequently receive notices like the following:

"Dear Sir: Upon investigating our affairs we find the best we can offer our creditors will be forty per cent., in four equal payments at six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months. Failing to get a receipt in full on this basis, we shall be compelled to go into bankruptcy, when, as you know, the

estate will probably take much longer to settle, and net you considerably less. You are given till the 10th inst. to respond.

‘Respectfully,

‘BROWN & ROBINSON.’

“The merchant so written rarely holds out.”

“Indeed !”

“The credit system with us is now perfect and universal. Nobody pays cash for anything. The consumer buys what he wants from the retail dealer without money, the retail dealer the same from the wholesale dealer, the latter from the jobber, and the jobber from the importer or the manufacturer, who in turn owes the banker—which banker passes out the governmental paper promises to pay. It is interesting to contemplate, this continuous chain of credit, which is altogether an outgrowth of our modern civilization. We are living entirely upon credit, and no nation in the world owes more than we. From the central government to States, municipalities, corporations and individuals, we are carrying a debt equal to Atlas carrying the world.”

The conversation was here interrupted by dinner being announced. After a long and solemn grace by Milman, the meal began. Juan was placed by

Bella, as a matter of course. The young lady had entered decorated in the most attractive manner. Diamonds were sparkling from her ears, and shining luminous from her delicate hands.

“I suppose such stones are very plentiful with you,” said she to Juan, with a smile.

“They are found in considerable quantities in our country,” replied the young man; “but only by great labor and loss of life.”

The young lady exerted herself to be entertaining, and no one could be more so when she was in the humor. Her bright little speeches, her soft voice, her gay laughter and arch smile quite captivated the young man, who began to experience a strange fluttering at his heart, which he had never known before. After dinner, the party again withdrew to the parlor, Juan and Bella taking the front room, while Alvarez and his host settled themselves comfortably for a smoke and a talk in the back. Mrs. Milman was absent, attending to the children. The conversation of the young people, it will be needless to follow; but the discourse of Milman to his guest it may be interesting to know.

“Take the Bible, now,” said he, resuming in a measure the same themes he was pursuing before

dinner. "Peoples' ideas are altogether changing in regard to it. Many in our country supposed in former times that every word and line was inspired from Heaven, and regarded the Book itself, wherever found, with a superstitious awe and reverence, as if there was some peculiar efficacy in the binding and printing. Our minister shows us that numberless passages do not mean what they say. Things which old-time people regarded as literal are now found to be only metaphorical, and thus a number of unpleasant and difficult texts are easily gotten around. The tendency of our country is not to stand in stupid reverence at anything, but to investigate and dissect. In our time a schoolboy will frequently know more about the Bible than his grandfather."

"Your youth are extremely forward, I have noticed," said Alvarez, musingly.

"The observance of the Sabbath comes in the same category," continued Milman. "People no longer think it necessary to keep quiet on that day, look solemn, and read good books. Our preacher tells us Christians should be quite as cheerful on the Sabbath as at any other time. Many, therefore, look upon the first day of the week as a holiday to

be made the most of, and laugh at those who stick to the old manner of observing it."

"There always has been a conflict of opinion as to the proper observance of the Sabbath," said the Brazilian.

"Yes; but in our country there used to be strong prejudices on the subject, which are now being rapidly done away with. As I have been trying to impress upon you, the tendency is toward a larger liberty. Now, then, as to the matrimonial tie," continued Milman, sinking his voice, "it is the growing belief, held by many that have not courage to say so, that there is altogether too much tyranny exercised in that. Contemplate the hideous cruelty of keeping a man and woman tied together after they have ceased to love, or, in fact, after their love has turned to hate, and the soul of each yearns towards another. Certainly there is crime somewhere in this. The people, however, who formerly rejected certain advanced ideas with horror, are now willing to investigate. In the late dastardly attack upon our pastor, when the first stone was thrown by a pair of adventurous women in a sheet of theirs, containing a comparatively short account of the matter, a cry of indignation and disgust went up all over

the land, and the unfortunate wretches were thrown in the city prison, and prosecuted by the district attorney, for circulating obscene matter through the mails. But when our great trial was going on, of which I may tell you some day, almost every prominent daily in the country published the full details, no matter how shocking, and they were everywhere read with avidity."

Thus Milman continued to discourse upon the tendencies of the day, and the ardent thirst for more freedom in all directions. Skillfully concealing his own real sentiments on the ideas he advanced, he presented the questions, one after another, as a person who had contemplated the propositions, but took little real interest in them. Before the conversation had fully ended a close familiarity had grown up between Alvarez and the American banker. The Brazilian was willing to acknowledge that some dangerous tendencies as well as some strange beliefs were prevalent among the people, but he regarded Milman, in some way or other, as walking amid dangers with a charmed life, and living on a plane outside of and above that which might affect other men.

Alvarez had mentioned that he had deposited in

London an extra thousand pounds, to be available in case of emergency, upon which he was receiving but a very small interest. Milman had told him that in this he made a big mistake, because, if he had the money here, there were constant opportunities offering to invest at good advantage, and the amount might be doubled before he wanted to use it. Alvarez, after some consideration, concluded it would be wise for him to do this, and accordingly, the next day, signed a draft to the order of Milman for the amount, leaving it on deposit with him, with the other unexpended funds he already had.

The evening of the Sunday in question, it had been arranged, should be spent at the great tabernacle of the Reverend Howard Bouncer. Juan was to escort Bella, and Milman was to accompany Alvarez. They were a little late in starting, so that the great building, arranged in amphitheatrical style, was filled to overflowing when they arrived. As they looked in at the front entrance, the vast audience were on their feet, singing as if to split their throats, while the great organ was pealing forth its tremendous notes of praise, and a tall man, with mustache and goatee, standing on a platform with a bugle to his mouth, was leading the combined melody. Al-

varez had never witnessed anything so tremendous, and thought, not to be irreverent, that if the Almighty had been hard of hearing even, the anthem could scarcely have failed to reach Him.

Amid this clamor, they wended their way to a side aisle, and there being only one seat found for the lady, one of the ushers very obligingly gave the gentlemen seats on the steps of the pulpit. Alvarez mounting first, his head came about even with the level of the platform. The great audience at length sat down, and then our travelers could see the extent and admirable arrangement of the building. Three great chandeliers, lighted by electricity, hung from the ceiling, besides several others on the sides more easy of access.

Alvarez was anxious to see the preacher as his curiosity had been greatly excited. He had overheard one young man ask another out on the sidewalk, "if he was going in to see the gorilla," though just what was alluded to the Brazilian hardly knew. He was, therefore, about prepared for anything. A tall, lean man rose up from the platform, and advancing to the edge with a Bible in his hand, opened his mouth to read—an enormous mouth, stretching almost from ear to ear. He was a

man full of sharp angles, and his every attitude furnished a sort of geometrical diagram. His voice grated harshly upon the fine sensibilities of the Brazilian—almost like the filing of a saw, and his reading of the chapter was so intermixed with remarks of his own, that it was difficult for one not decidedly on the alert to tell which was St. Matthew's, and which the Reverend Bouncer's. He read without explanatory break or emphasis: "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted? No good, only fit to chuck out and make sidewalks of," and so on. His giving out and reading of the hymn was equally peculiar, not to say startling. When the announcement of the hymn was finished the bugler took his stand, the audience arose, and again the thunder pealed forth. One thing Alvarez early made up his mind to—that the most inveterate church sleeper would scarcely have been able to get a comfortable nap there.

The service ended, the sermon began. The subject was the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and was most graphically wrought out. The preacher did not mince matters; the rich man dwelling in his palace, "clothed in purple and fine linen, and far-

ing sumptuously every day," was most painfully contrasted with the same gentleman in altogether different quarters. Hell was pictured up so terribly that one felt the flames and smelled the brimstone. There was no doubt in his mind on the subject. "This is no typical flame!" shouted the preacher. "These are no metaphorical embers! but from the bottom of my heart I believe it to be literal HELL FIRE." The last words were yelled out so energetically that Alvarez nearly jumped from his seat, while a woman in the body of the church fainted and was carried out.

The famous dialogue between the rich man and Father Abraham across the great gulf was most exciting, as the speaker gave each part in character. The final howl of despair of the sinner, when he found that none of his requests could be granted, was so demoniac, and was accompanied by such frantic gestures on the part of the preacher, that Alvarez judged he had actually gone mad and might resort to violence upon those around him. However, as our traveler was wedged in firmly, he could not have budged, if he had been about to be torn to pieces. Several times already, as the speaker, in his eccentric and energetic evolutions,

had advanced with his great feet to within a few inches of the Brazilian's head, the latter had shrunk back in alarm.

At the close, the preacher called upon all those who were on the side of Christ to stand up. The whole congregation arose, but as Alvarez could not get up without great difficulty, and as he had not thoroughly understood the request, he kept his seat. The whole mass of people, therefore, being up, stared at him, facing them, as they supposed, defiantly, and keeping his seat under such circumstances. They took him for some dangerous infidel who had obtruded himself among them.

However, all things have an end, and the party at length found themselves in the street. Despite the violence and grotesqueness of the preacher, Alvarez could not help acknowledging that his subject was most graphically set forth, and full of sound practical lessons, calculated to impress the masses of the people and do them good. Our Brazilian judged that the strange idiosyncrasies of Bouncer, on the whole, had a more healthy tone than the fascinating insidiousness of Belcher. He acknowledged to himself as the result of his attendance at two places of worship that day, that the

City of Churches was about as lively a place to spend a Sabbath in as one could well imagine. Juan was altogether taken up with his fair partner, whose light touch upon his arm thrilled him through and through.

Our two travelers parted from their friends at the door of the latter's residence, and proceeded on over across the ferry toward the hotel. Bella just looked in at her mother's room as she passed the door.

"Ah, mother!" said she with a little yawn, "I don't find him *so bad*."

Before our travelers reached their hotel, the car in which they were riding was suddenly stopped at the corner of a certain street, by a great concourse of people issuing from a large building hard by. They seemed exceedingly respectable, and apparently quite enthusiastic at what they had heard. Being somewhat interested, Alvarez asked the conductor the cause of the gathering, and was told that a great man from the West had been enlightening the people. He had been making great efforts to knock spots generally out of the Bible, and considered himself as having succeeded pretty well. Some folks said he was one of the smartest men that ever lived.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE INTERVIEWER.



FEW mornings after, Alvarez, feeling somewhat indisposed, had not arisen at the usual time, but decided to take a light breakfast in bed. Juan had gone down in the breakfast-room alone. He had been absent only a very few minutes, and our elderly traveler had just sunk in a doze, when he was aroused by a tap at his door.

“Come in,” cried he, rousing up.

A waiter put in his head.

“Gentleman, sir, wishes to see you, sir.”

“Did he state his business?”

“Did not, sir; only seemed to be urgent, sir.”

“Well, I’m unwell, and can’t see him.”

The waiter withdrew, and Alvarez again courted slumber. He had slept but little the night before, and was sorely in need of rest. Two minutes after came another tap at his door.

“Well? What’s the matter now?”

The waiter again put his head in the door.

“Gentleman, sir, says he *must* see you, sir. It is very important.”

“I’m sick. I’m worn out, and I want some rest. Tell him to come again this afternoon, or——”

“My dear sir,” said a sharp, strange voice just outside, “pardon me.”

At the same time a most restless and eager-looking young man stepped into the room and pulled off his hat. His eyes looked as if they might have pierced a two-inch board, as well as possessing the properties of a crab, from the fact of his being able to shove them out and draw them in at will. The corners of his mouth betrayed the habitual use of tobacco, while his tangled locks gave evidence of the rather infrequent use of a comb. Alvarez, raising himself on his elbow, waited for his visitor to speak.

“I respect your privacy, sir, but the public must be gratified. If you permit me I will take a seat.”

Alvarez nodded, though still somewhat in doubt as to what it all meant. He had been in the country just long enough, however, to be prepared for almost anything, and therefore waited calmly. The visitor took out a note-book and sharpened his pencil.

“Now sir, are you ready?”

“Ready!” asked Alvarez, more and more bewildered. He was in doubt as to whether his visitor was an artist about to take his picture unsolicited, or what he was.

“I see by the register,” said the interviewer, “that you have entered yourself as simply Pedro Alvarez—if you wish it I will respect your incognito, but there are others who would not, and I don’t want to be beat. By what route did you come from Brazil, Señor?”

Our Brazilian, thinking this might be some public functionary, drawing a big salary, whose duty it was to get statistics of strangers upon their arrival, answered:

“We took boat from Santos to Rio Janeiro, and steamer from thence to London. We afterward embarked from Liverpool to New York.”

The reporter scratched a few lines rapidly.



“And what do you think of our country, Señor?”

“Really, sir, I have not yet had an opportunity to investigate very thoroughly——”

“But, sir, as far as you’ve gone?”

“I confess myself, in many things, to have been very much astonished.”

“Ah! good!” exclaimed the reporter, writing rapidly. “A person from your country would have much to learn, eh?”

“Undoubtedly.”

The interview proceeded remorselessly, Alvarez being probed with more questions than a witness on the stand. He was tempted and excited to talk on anything and everything, and was put through a general course of sprouts in the most thorough manner. Several times he placed his hand to his aching head, and wished the trial was ended; but his usual politeness and amiability got the better of his impatience and suffering, and led him to answer, after some fashion, all questions. Whenever he stopped or hesitated, the inquisitor darted his crab-like eyes at the sufferer, and urged him on. Juan came at length, followed by a waiter with some breakfast, and succeeded in breaking up the inter-

view, upon which Alvarez sank back upon his pillow exhausted.

After almost the entire day spent in bed, the invalid felt himself much better, and resolved on a short walk in the street with his son. As they passed a corner, a boy with newspapers was hallooing most vociferously :

“Here you are, five o’clock !”

As it was but a little after four, our travelers were rather puzzled to know what he meant. Again he yelled out :

“*Five o’clock*—got the Emperor in disguise.”

“Look here, my boy !” said Alvarez, paternally. “What do you mean ? It isn’t five o’clock yet.”

“Aw ! don’t give it away, man ! Don’t you know what th’ five o’clock ’dition is ?” asked the lad, rather contemptuously.

“Ah ! he alludes to the paper—I see ! Well, we’ll take one.”

The purchase was soon made, and the juvenile continued his noisy course down the street. As Alvarez could not read readily without his glasses, he handed over the paper to Juan. The latter was immediately attracted to the first page, upon which was displayed, in great head-lines, the following :

A GREAT NOBLEMAN IN DISGUISE.

A BRAZILIAN LORD AMONG US.

SUPPOSED TO BE THE EMPEROR.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS JOURNEY.

HIS VIEWS AND OPINIONS.

OUR REPORTER'S INTERVIEW.

Not knowing who could be intended by this, and being much surprised that the Emperor should have conceived the idea of visiting the country so suddenly, Juan continued to read aloud with great interest as they walked slowly along. What was the astonishment of both, to find the nobleman to be no other than Pedro Alvarez, who was before this entirely ignorant that he was a lord. His full name, hotel, and all sorts of particulars were given. He could not help being amused as well as annoyed at the elaborate and thorough article he found there in the "Lightning Flash." The interview of the morning then came back to his mind, and he was more astonished than ever at the industry and expertness of the eager

young man, to be able, from such slender materials, to write out such an interesting narrative in so short a space of time. He found himself described personally, and was happy to learn that he was a well-proportioned, intelligent-looking man, with a benevolent cast of features. The minutest particulars of his dress were also set forth, which was the more surprising, seeing that he had been in bed during the whole interview, with his clothes partly on a peg, and partly on a chair-back. His voyage was detailed in a graphic manner, with some incidental descriptions of Brazil, which latter Alvarez concluded, since Brazil was so large a country, must apply to some part of which he had no knowledge. The opinions of the supposed nobleman on politics, religion, finance, and a multitude of other topics, were all detailed, and puzzled Alvarez not a little, since he was not aware of ever having entertained any such views. The object of his mission to this country was involved in mystery, as well as his positive identity. Several ingenious theories were advanced on this head by the report, but the one that was most favored was, that Pedro Alvarez could be no other than the Emperor Dom Pedro himself, in disguise. A half-column editorial collated the

article in question, and commented upon it in a most interesting manner. The editor seemed to think that Dom Pedro might be able to prove an alibi, since he was reported by cable to be still in Rio Janeiro; but, as he was known to be a most rapid traveler, he might have slipped over here right after the message, and be in our country at the present moment. In any case if it *was* the Emperor, and he wished to travel incognito, why let him do so—the “Lightning Flash” would be the last to expose him.

Our two travelers wended their way back to the hotel thoughtfully, not knowing whether to take the matter as a joke or view it as a mistake. Alvarez’s impulse was to find out the office of the paper and inform the editor of the error, but he afterward concluded to let it go. As they entered the office of the hotel, the clerk said quickly to some gentlemen that stood by:

“Why! there he is now.”

Alvarez at once found himself surrounded by eight different individuals, each of whom held out a card at him. Hemmed in thus by a bristling line of pasteboard, our traveler was very much puzzled just what to do. He read one or two of

the cards, as the owners assumed attitudes, and smiled and bowed before him. Mr. Jones of the "Crier," Mr. Brown of the "Bugle," Thompson of the "Globe," and Ferguson of the "Mentor," received a glance from him. It dawned upon Alvarez, that he was at length brought face to face with a regular army of interviewers, and his only safety lay in taking a determined stand.

"Gentlemen, you must excuse me. I shall decline to answer any questions. I have been interviewed already to my heart's content. I would desire, however, to set you and others right on one point. The representative of the 'Lightning Flash' this morning, made a serious error in taking me for a nobleman. I am no nobleman; only a private person, traveling for pleasure and information. Gentlemen, good-day." Alvarez turned and was about to depart. Most of the members of the press seemed satisfied, but just as our traveler had reached the head of the stairs on the first landing, he was overtaken by the veteran Ferguson, who whispered, with a sly wink:

"I understand it; you want to get rid of those fellows. Confounded bores! I'll be back and see you later."

But Alvarez little knew what was in store for him. The next morning he literally awoke to find himself famous. Modest and retiring always, without the faintest conception of wishing to represent himself anything different from what he really was, he found notoriety forced upon him. The mere suspicion of having a nobleman in disguise among them, with a possibility of his being the Emperor himself, was sufficient to rouse the enthusiasm of a large body of the citizens in the Metropolis of the Republic. Alvarez had explained to Juan a short time previous to this, that in America the people were supreme, and no orders of nobility or castes in society existed; that the honest man, the brave one who had served his country well, or the genius which had called into being some hitherto unknown truth, were the true nobility, and as such were looked up to and revered; while foreign blood distinctions were universally ridiculed in the United States.

Our two travelers observed in the breakfast-room that they were objects of unusual notice. Gentlemen quietly pointed them out to their friends as they passed along, and several ladies eyed Juan with a most admiring interest. The head waiter

accompanied them the whole distance to their table, and pulled out their chairs with a grand swoop, and then shoved them under their bended forms with great consideration. Even the under waiter showed rather more teeth than usual.

Every morning paper was found to have devoted a column at least to the matter, and Alvarez saw himself described and ventilated in every conceivable style. He might be said never to have known so many curious circumstances about his appearance and opinions as now. Nor did Juan escape dissection in an equally thorough manner. As they left the breakfast-room, Alvarez caught sight of his friend from the "Lightning Flash" talking with the waiter, and at once came to the conclusion that his, the supposed Emperor's, breakfast would be fully detailed in the afternoon.

Upon calling for his mail at the office, the smiling clerk informed him that it was rather heavy this morning, and that he had sent it up to his room. Upon hastening thither, Alvarez found a bushel basket running over with epistles addressed to him—ali sorts of letters from all sorts of persons. He knew not where to begin, and hardly dare attempt any. Invitations from everywhere and to

everything ; propositions from inventors who had something exactly suitable for Brazil ; offers from several gentlemen and five or six females to accompany him in his travels and show him the country thoroughly ; urgent requests from several photographers, with multitudes of other proposals of the most varied and interesting types. The poor gentleman was overwhelmed and bewildered. Juan worked until he was tired out, opening and reading snatches from the various letters, and finally begged his father to desist, at least for that day.

Upon looking out the front window they saw a great concourse of people gathered in front of the hotel, waiting patiently and apparently watching for somebody to come out. Alvarez at once concluded that it was for him they were lying in wait, and was in despair. He knew not what they would do with him when he went out, or how many would follow him around wherever he went, but in any case, he judged it wisest, if there was any way possible to give them the slip, to do so. A short consultation with a bell-boy, and a small fee, elicited the information that he could get into the street by a back way unobserved, by going through part of the kitchen and out a long narrow alley. Our traveler

joyfully embraced this opportunity of escape, and, accompanied by his son, threaded his way through to the open air.

Late in the afternoon, as they returned, cautious and apprehensive, they had no sooner reached their rooms than they were waited on successively by : *First*, some delegates from the Mayor, desiring to arrange a public reception ; *Second*, three members, as a committee, from a celebrated club, requesting him to appoint an evening convenient to participate in a grand public dinner ; *Third*, by several distinguished citizens who were desirous of organizing a monster ball in his honor. All of these illustrious compliments he declined. He protested, with tears in his eyes, that he was not a nobleman, let alone the Emperor, that he was nothing else but what he pretended to be, merely a plain Brazilian gentleman traveling with his son. Finally his visitors were induced to leave him, after the most earnest entreaty upon the part of their victim. They departed, however, with the air of persons silenced but not convinced.

When some hours had elapsed, and our travelers had remained unmolested, they congratulated themselves they would at least be able to spend the

latter part of the evening alone. Their supper had been brought to their room. Between nine and ten, however, they heard a great tuning-up of instruments outside, and looking out saw a full band of music about to commence a serenade. The street was black with people for blocks, and enthusiasm seemed to reign supreme. The braying of trumpets, with the softer notes of the cornets, soon floated on the night air as a popular air was played. Juan and his father were in doubt as to whether this demonstration was meant for them, but as they drew aside the curtain still further, the strong blaze of a calcium light was thrown full upon their windows, and wild cheers went up from the crowd. Shrill cries for "the Emperor," "a speech, a speech," and the like, soon convinced the startled Alvarez that he was the man intended. He withdrew hastily, put out his gas, and shut his blinds tightly. He was not insensible to the honor intended for him, but he was so overwhelmed and astonished by it—it was so unexpected, and, as he felt, undeserved, that he knew not what to do. He was not a man to take advantage of any mistake or to appropriate to himself anything intended for another. But the stupendous error had gotten

abroad that he had gentle blood in his veins, and it seemed utterly impossible for him to contradict it or stop its disastrous effects.

It was past midnight when he and Juan, after a long and doleful consultation as to what they had best do to raise the state of siege from which they were then suffering, being unable to come to any conclusion, save flight or surrender, were about to go to bed, and were in fact partially undressed. They were not destined however to be left undisturbed. The courteous proprietor of the "Crier" drove up hastily to the private entrance of the hotel in his coach, ran straight up to the Brazilian's apartments, was admitted, and refusing to take "no" for an answer, actually captured the two travelers, and conveyed them down town in the early hours of the morning to his immense establishment to show them the final making up and working off of the great Metropolitan Newspaper. It was here that they saw some of those interior workings, which, by anticipating a little, were detailed in a former chapter. The proprietor told them decidedly that the object of his paper was news, and a desire to please as many people as possible. Their editorial sheet was conducted on

the principle, to “be all things to all men,” and if it didn’t hit an individual’s fancy one day, to do it the next. In this way they had been extremely fortunate in their prophecies, for scarcely had an event taken place for years, but what the editor could turn back and point out with pride and pleasure, just where it had been foreshadowed in his paper months before.





CHAPTER XIV.

CUPID AIMS A SHAFT.



PON reaching the hotel once more, the mind of Alvarez was made up. He was convinced he never could stand many more days like this, and feeling that his involuntary title of Emperor would be the death of him if he bore it much longer, he resolved on flight the very next evening. He was not yet prepared to leave the city, but he reckoned that if he changed his name and secretly moved to another hotel, he might escape detection, at least, for a while. All this he happily accomplished at the appointed time and breathed freer once more.

Juan had paid a visit to the office of Milman,

down town, in order to get a check cashed, and had there found a delicate little note from Bella, addressed to him. She was invited to a party at a friend's house, in Fifth avenue, New York, on the next evening, and she made bold to request him to act as her escort. His heart fluttered as his eyes ran over the pretty hand-writing, and his nostrils took in the delicate odor of the little epistle. He immediately sat down and wrote a few lines accepting with pleasure the kind invitation. This he intrusted to the care of Mr. Milman, not without sundry blushings, and indirect hints as to the necessity of prompt delivery.

This eventful evening arrived, and Juan, who had spent the whole day in getting ready, having purchased an entire new outfit of the very best make and material he could find, proceeded over to Mr. Milman's house in Brooklyn, from whence Bella was to be ready to set out in a carriage of her own providing.

Bella had plenty of escorts, who would have been ready and anxious to accompany her, but they would not have suited her purpose. The newspaper accounts of the Emperor in disguise had been read by herself and mother, as well as by every-

body else, and had made a more than ordinary impression. If Alvarez was not the Emperor, he was anyhow a nobleman, and if he was even not a nobleman, he was at least a very rich man, while Juan, his son, was handsome and distinguished-looking. The young man would do to lead in triumph before her female friends, and cause them to bite their lips in envy. In the mean time, she wished to keep hold of the prize, until she learned positively its value, when she might either clinch the matter or repudiate it, as circumstances seemed to require. Bella was a good business young lady, and always had a sharp lookout for possible contingencies.

On the stroke of eight, our young man presented himself at the door of the Brooklyn residence, and was quickly ushered in the parlor and left alone. Standing before the great pier glass, he threw back his outer coat, and nervously look a glance at himself. His dark hair, brushed back from his temples, showed his handsome face to advantage, lighted up as it was, by a pair of quick, frank eyes. As he stood there, in his faultlessly-fitting suit of black, in the pride of youth and health, he was a noble-looking fellow, of whom any mother would have been proud. In his case, that mother had been at

rest three years or more, but had stamped her cheerfulness and good sense strongly upon her son. A rich gold chain, a present from her, hung around his neck, while an opal, set in diamonds, another maternal memento, blazed from a finger of his left hand.

A step on the stair caused him to move aside, just as Bella, like a vision of glory, burst upon his eager eyes, and glided in at the open door.

“Ah! you are here, Señor; punctual, I see,” cried the gay young lady.

“Always punctual where the ladies are concerned,” replied Juan, gallantly.

As they clasped hands, the young man seemed at once under some mesmeric spell, and as completely in the fair Bella’s power as if handcuffed and led by a chain. The young lady had the most consummate skill in “getting herself up,” to use a sort of technical expression, and none knew better than she the weak points in her appearance, or the strong ones, nor how to bring out the one and repress the other.

Her mother hovered around her anxiously, after a cordial greeting to the young man, and stating to him that Mr. Milman was away on business for the

night. A little adjustment here, and a little touch there, put the finishing stroke to the elaborate toilet of the youthful beauty.

"These girls are very troublesome, Mr. Alvarez; I hope you will excuse my solicitude," said the anxious mother.

"Most certainly," replied the young man. "A delicate and beautiful plant requires care."

Bella rewarded him with a pretty, grateful glance. The carriage was soon heard at the door, and Bella carefully enveloped in her wraps.

"Take good care of my daughter now," said Mrs. Milman, as they passed out the front door.

"I shall defend her with my life," answered Juan firmly.

The carriage was soon clattering off down the street toward the ferry.

"The night is chill," said Bella giving a little shudder.

"Allow me to throw this shawl over your shoulders," said the young man, with tender solicitude in his voice.

The liberty was allowed, and the two sank back in their respective corners and were silent for awhile. It was doubtless not without a purpose,

that the clever young lady had conceived the idea of getting the young man to accompany her in a close coach, for this long ride from Brooklyn to the upper part of the other city ; but the plans of young ladies are often involved in as much mystery, as those of some able general during a campaign.

“I see your father’s name and your own figuring extensively in the papers,” said the young lady, quietly.

“Most unfortunately,” answered Juan.

“You love mystery, it seems. Are you still determined to preserve your incognito?”

The young man here entered upon a most earnest series of protestations that his father had no incognito to preserve, and they both were no other than they professed to be. The young lady pretended to be incredulous, and bantered him considerably for endeavoring to deceive her as well as the public.

In a most tantalizingly short space of time, as it appeared to Juan, the carriage had arrived at their destination, mounted Murray Hill, and drew up before the door of a great house in the upper part of Fifth avenue. The noble mansion was a blaze of light, and as they ascended the broad stone steps the young Brazilian could not help being impressed

with the evidence of solidity and wealth. A colored waiter opened the door, and they moved up the main stairway, amid the fragrance of flowers, to the strain of soft music. At the head of the stairs they separated, each going to the proper dressing-room.

In the gentleman's dressing-room, Juan was struck by a young man, who sitting in one rich chair, with his feet up in another, and a cigar in his mouth, was talking in a loud, consequential tone to another gentleman across the room. This other, a tall and very red-faced individual, although but a young man, was so large and puffed up that he seemed about to burst. His eyes stuck out, and his short, thick neck gave unmistakable evidence of the animal predominating over the spiritual element.

Juan was soon ready, and quickly stationed himself at the door of the ladies' dressing-room. But it was not a part of the plans of the fair Bella to be in anything of a hurry, or to enter the parlor while there was comparatively but a few there. At length, however, the young man's suspense was ended by the appearance of his lady, and they descended the stairs together. At the foot, the young lady took his arm, and entered the parlor as a queen might do accompanied by a favored noble.

She sought out the hostess, found her, and after the first greetings, introduced her escort.

"Mrs. Delmar, Señor Alvarez." As this was pronounced slowly and with considerable emphasis, all eyes were at once upon the couple. The hostess threw an inquiring glance to Bella, as if to ask, "is this *the* Alvarez," and was answered with a slight nod.

After a short conversation Mrs. Delmar was called away, and as the band was playing the prelude to the Lanciers, Bella promptly took her place at the head of the room with her partner. The thick-necked gentleman passed by.

"Hello, Belle !" cried he in admiration. "Why, you're stunnin' to-night." She answered with a slight shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"Who is that gentleman ?" inquired Juan.

"A young man who has more dollars than sense. I have known him but a short time."

"Seems rather familiar on short acquaintance."

"His way ; his wealth gives him assurance."

"But how did he gain so much if he don't know anything."

"Blundered into it, like a good many others. His father invented a new kind of soap, which pros-

pered immensely. The old man husbanded his savings carefully, made several very fortunate real estate investments, and died, leaving his worthy son a millionaire. He is a bachelor, looking for a wife."

Bella did not state, that herself and mother had devoted a whole campaign at Saratoga to this same gentleman.

"Strange!" exclaimed Juan, following the gentleman with his eyes. He seemed quite a lion, and was received everywhere with marked attention. He was shortly after seated on a sofa surrounded by young ladies, from the midst of whom his loud rough laughter every once in a while burst out like a clap of thunder, as he uttered some broad, silly joke.

"Money is everything, you know, now-a-days," said Bella, talking between the figures of the dance. "It doesn't make much difference how one gets it. The present owner of this house was poor a few years ago, and there used to be a rumor in circulation, that the former owner, for some cause, having temporarily made it over to Mr. Delmar, with the intention of transferring it to another, the latter gentleman held on to it. The old owner died poor,

and Mr. Delmar is now the prince before whom many bow. But people will talk, you know."

"Yes ; but I should think the mere suspicion of such a thing would be ruinous to our host's reputation, and none would associate with him."

"Nonsense ! Not at all. We don't cut rich people on suspicion. Even proven facts are not always sufficient, for there are ever extenuating circumstances, you know. You see how his reception is attended to-night. There goes Mr. and Mrs. Prince now. He was a chief officer in the great Carlton Savings Bank, which took deposits as long as they could get a dollar, paid dividends, swore periodically to funds which never existed or were worthless, and finally suspended, causing dismay and ruin among thousands of poor people who had trusted the institution."

"For shame !" exclaimed Juan. "And he shows his face ?"

"Look and see the smiles with which he is everywhere greeted. He lives in style, and has plenty of money, made, Heaven only knows how. They did propose to run him for Mayor."

Juan was surprised to find Bella so keen and masculine in her remarks, and not displeased at her

just severity. The dance finished, they took a stroll around through the splendid rooms, Bella answering numerous greetings with pleasant little smiles, and enjoying to the utmost the admiring glances cast at her companion.

“By George !” they overheard one young man whisper ; “this mysterious Brazilian is a handsome fellow, anyhow.”

“Ah, yes ! but only a boy,” replied his companion, indifferently, who was himself, perhaps, a year older. “Lots of rocks, I believe.”

“Do you see that young lady over there, smiling and ogling at me ?” asked Bella, sinking her voice confidentially.

“The one in pink ? Yes.”

“Well, her father kept a corner grocery for years, making his money mostly out of poisonous liquors dealt out to the poor. But he got along and saved, and moved in a fine house, and turned his back on the grocery. Julia would consider it a deadly insult to allude to it in any way. They are extremely high-toned now, as if they had been bankers for a half century.”

“It would seem so from her appearance.”

“She is dying to be introduced to you, but I am

just going to disappoint her for once, and make her angry."

"I am sure I am happier with you," said Juan, in a low tone.

Bella gave him a little chiding glance. As the first strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" floated on the air, our young couple glided off in the waltz, and conversation was for a time suspended. As they stopped, a middle-aged gentleman passed them, with grizzled hair and cheerful cast of countenance.

"The president of the late Safety Life Insurance Company, which went into a receiver's hands, as I believe they call it, a month or so ago. Some say he could be sent to State Prison if the law was properly enforced; but I think he has too much money, and stands too high. He seems cheerful, does he not?"

"He does, indeed. One would scarcely think he ever did wrong. Perhaps he himself does not believe he has, and could most eloquently explain everything."

Juan began to gaze around on the company in some fear, not knowing but he might soon be jostled against a burglar or a cutthroat. At the same time

he could not help contemplating his young lady in loving admiration, at being able to hold all these people at their true worth.

In the supper-room below, our young couple contrived to get safely ensconced in a quiet corner. Bella always had a pretty knack of getting any young man she wished aside in some way, and having him all to herself. A gentleman cousin, Jack Ruppert, to whom Bella had introduced our youthful hero, gallantly waited on the couple, so that they lacked nothing, and the young lady was free to continue her confidential conversation, and indulge her criticisms of passing guests.

After the supper, where champagne had flowed most freely, Juan strolled up to the gentleman's room. It was filled with a dense smoke from a score of cigars, through which the figures of the occupants loomed up vaguely.

The loud, consequential gentleman he had seen early in the evening, had a bottle of whisky uncorked, and was uproariously passing it around and urging the others to partake.

"Champagne may be good enough," cried he, "as far it goes, but only Bourbon hits the right spot with me. Ha! Schuyler, you there—well! we're in



for it—we're goin' to bust the old rascal's will, sure enough."

These words were somewhat mysterious to Juan, who still stood in the doorway looking in. Through the smoke he finally made out another acquaintance—Bella's thick-necked friend, stretched on the bed, his head toward the foot-board, and his boots upon the fine pillows, in a state of sleepy stupor. A sickening feeling took possession of our young Brazilian, as he looked upon the manly assemblage, and contemplated the damage that would be done to the beautifully-furnished apartment, the fine carpet, lace curtains and the like. He turned and saw Bella's cousin at his elbow.

"Rather smoky," said the cousin.

"Rather. Is this the style?"

"Oh, yes. The gentlemen always want a smoke after supper."

"Who is the individual so conspicuous with the bottle?" asked Juan.

"Oh! a nephew of the great Boulder, who died some time since in the West, and left an immense fortune. There is a big contest over the Will now."

"Why?"

"You see the old man had control of a great

gold mine out there, and being ambitious to establish a family name, with a colossal fortune, as well as to concentrate and protect his great interests, he left about nine-tenths of his fortune to a favorite son and that son's children, and distributed the rest in more moderate amounts among his other heirs, who received only about a *million* apiece."

"A fortune of itself, which they don't choose to accept, I suppose?"

"One child has attacked the Will furiously, and as the only possible chance to break it lies in the alleged irresponsibility of the maker, the father has been dragged from the grave, and all his infirmities, moral or physical, exposed to public view. His physician has been put upon the witness stand to prove his internal disarrangements, and has brought so many serious disorders to light, which are claimed to have been fastened on the old gentleman for years, that most people wonder how he ever could have risen from a poor boy to be the owner of an immense estate, attained the age of eighty, and controlled the affairs of his corporation almost to the day of his death. A man of a most remarkably clear head and indomitable resolution, the public opinion is that if this Will is broken, then the whole system

of wills might as well be abolished. His disappointed heirs, however, some say, would gladly make the old man out to have been a *murderer*, if it would only prove his incapacity to make a will."

"Oh, horror!"

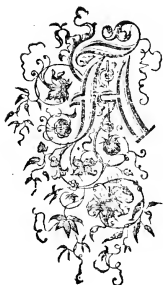
The conversation ended, Juan again sought Bella in the parlor, and after an hour or so more, set out in their carriage for Brooklyn. Mrs. Milman had insisted that Juan should remain all night at their house.





CHAPTER XV.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN TAKEN IN.



LVAREZ of course knew of the proposed absence of his son for the evening and night, and where he intended to spend the time. He had consented to the separation reluctantly, but without making any objection. The son never concealed his movements from the father, any more than the father thought of thwarting the wishes of his son. A more loving and amiable couple could not have been found.

Left to his own resources to spend the evening, our elderly traveler, who had been a sort of self-imposed prisoner for the few days previous, concluded he would quietly attend some theatre. He

consulted the hotel clerk about it, stating he was a stranger.

“Well, it’s too bad that the ‘Black Crook’ and ‘Humpty Dumpty’ are both taken off,” said he. “They each run nearly three years, and it seems as if the whole United States went to see them. They were splendid. We had some tragedians try it here for awhile, but no go, they were too heavy.”

“Heavy !”

“Yes, too high-toned, you know; all Shakespeare and the like.”

“Well, if Shakespeare wasn’t good enough where would you get better?”

“Our people like to be amused, or they like to be excited, and they want something or other new all the while. There’s the City Theatre now, where they are playing the ‘Satin Masks.’ Better try that.”

As Alvarez stood by the office making a note of this, he happened to raise his eyes, and started forward with an exclamation of alarm. Three feet from him, with those crab-like organs of vision protruded to their utmost extent, stood the dreaded interviewer of the “Lightning Flash.” Had Alvarez been a criminal, fleeing from justice, and the reporter an officer in the very act of a recapture,

there could not have spread over the features of the one a more intense expression of despair, or over the other a more satanic air of triumph.

“Ha! Señor, well met!” cried the tormentor, holding out his hand.

“Nay, sir, you are my enemy,” responded our indignant and terrified Brazilian.

“Not so, Señor; I am your friend. Were you going out? Let us walk together.”

“First, sir, a promise. No interviews to-night.”

“Agreed.”

“And sir, no publicity——”

“Hold, Señor! Not too many things at once. The people, you know, have a claim upon us.”

Silenced but not convinced, Alvarez reluctantly proceeded out in the street, accompanied by his quondam acquaintance, and together they turned up Broadway. The reporter seemed bent upon making himself agreeable. After conversation on a great variety of topics, upon which he displayed a most intimate knowledge, he took a side glance at literature.

“One might suppose now that our publishers would wish to foster native talent, but the princi-

pal thing they desire to foster is dollars and cents. In the absence of an International copyright, an English author's brains can be made use of without expense to the book-seller, but to the injury of both the English and American author."

"How so?"

"No publisher will pay an American a fair price for a story or a poem, when he can get something equally as good from across the water, free of charge. I have suffered by this myself. In my youth I thirsted for fame. I wrote a book. Sixteen publishers perused the manuscript, and respectfully returned it. One only was kind enough to make me an offer, agreeing if I would advance the necessary funds for the publication and advertisement, to give me ten per cent. of the net profits."

The author was sad and silent for awhile as he related this reminiscence.

"The drama, sir, is in a condition considerably below our literature," continued he, after a while, "and our play-writers fare even worse than the poets."

"Indeed!" exclaimed our Brazilian.

"Yes, sir. Managers and publishers are, of

course, always on the make, and desire to get material from sources the least expensive, while the public seem actually to prefer a foreign to a domestic article, no matter what it is or how the merits compare. An American artist of any kind, finds little favor until he has achieved some distinction abroad. Our dramatists can scarcely get recognition at all and meet little encouragement anywhere."

"Perhaps they are not of as good material as the foreign."

"They have little opportunity to show what they are, since no manager will undertake to produce their work unless they put up a large share of the necessary funds. If, once in a great while, an original American play is brought out at a manager's risk, the author merely receives a small nominal amount, hardly worth mentioning, and in no way remunerating him for his time or brains. Any author offering his work to a manager usually gets snubbed and baffled, and put off, until in sheer desperation he throws his manuscript in the fire. I've had some experience, and yet, all the time the papers are crying out that we have no American plays."

“And the foreign plays you speak of?”

“A drama is no sooner produced in London or Paris, and gives the least sign of success, than it is brought out here, and the success, real or fancied, advertised all over. French plays, wherein characters of doubtful virtue parade their misfortunes, and appeal to the sympathies of the audience, find great favor. We had the leg drama all the rage for several years, but the furor is now more or less worn off. Domestic tribulation with a considerable sprinkle of wickedness seems now to take best.”

They had turned round into Union square as they spoke, and stopped for a moment to look at the moon, which was just rising.

“If you wish to see an illustration of clever French work on the American stage, step in there,” continued the reporter, pointing to the blazing entrance of a theatre not far distant. “They only produce French adaptations there with the regular company. I must leave you now, but will see you again to-morrow. Good-evening.”

“Well, thank you, my friend,” replied Alvarez. “I’ll take your advice. Good-evening.”

They parted, the eager and nervous interviewer proceeding across the square, while our traveler

went over for his ticket to the box office. The theatre proved to be the same the hotel clerk had indicated. He was soon comfortably seated reading the play bill, which he found to be a most unique specimen of spicy literature. One remarkable thing seemed to be, that every play mentioned, on every stage, was one of unusual merit as well as being a great success. He thought the metropolis was most fortunate, at this time, to have a collection of such extraordinary good work.

After the theatre had become tolerably well-filled, and the orchestra had played the overture, the curtain rose upon the first act of "The Satin Masks." A provincial young wife, having a most exalted idea of her husband's stern virtue and strict attention to business, is on a visit to a married female friend in the metropolis. The latter, having very little faith in her own husband's ability to resist temptation, or, in fact, of any other man, let alone the supposed perfect individual, proposes to the provincial lady to give the virtue of her consort a trial. This is acceded to. Notes, stamped with a coronet, are written to the husbands, making surreptitious engagements to take two ladies en masque to a notorious though somewhat private garden in

the city, and, after the reception of the notes, the curtain falls on the first act.

The cleverness of the play was shown in the interest it had excited among the audience, to know the result of the complications which they foresaw must now arise. But Alvarez had an uneasy feeling that the pictures it had disclosed, and the characters it had opened up, were anything but healthy, and that there was a sort of unhallowed trifling with certain things which should have been sacred.

Not only was the young husband aimed at in this exhibition, but youth and old age were likewise included in the category, in the persons of a hoary-headed married man and his youthful nephew, both of whom were shown to be as susceptible as the others. The intent, apparently, was to prove that the genus man, old and young, married or single, were all pretty much alike in certain directions.

Alvarez looked around at the audience, and saw himself surrounded, on all sides, by well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, many of whom were but in the first blush of youth. But what was his surprise to see, only a few rows ahead of him, Mr. Milman, seated alongside a rather showily-dressed

young woman, to whom he appeared exceedingly attentive. As it was neither his wife nor daughter, our Brazilian judged it to be some female relative, perhaps from the country.

Again the curtain arose, and the second act began. It was the interior of Langhorne Garden, with a most repulsive exhibition of a coarse head-waiter, who sticks his fingers in an oyster stew, and fishes out and swallows an oyster before passing it out to the party ordering it, with other shabby tricks unnecessary to relate. By and by the parties arrive, first the old man accompanied with a most rollicking damsel, then the nephew with a lady en masque, then the husbands separately, each with the other's wife disguised. The parties were shown into separate private apartments opening out into the main room, as they arrived. The action continued, the old man becomes intoxicated, and makes a most shameful exhibition of himself, things get mixed generally, and the whole act was so replete with immoral suggestion that an atmosphere of impurity seemed to prevade the whole place.

It brought a blush to the face of our traveler, and he looked around nervously as if contemplating an escape. Mr. Milman and his lady seemed to be

enjoying it immensely and frequently exchanged intelligent smiles.

The third act brought the complications to a climax, when explanations were in order, upon the following morning. A most demure maid, having assisted in the plot of her mistress by writing the notes, thought she might as well take a hand in herself. Having inveigled the nephew to the garden, and being disguised the same as the two ladies, she had managed to mix up matters most mysteriously. The terror of the old man at the thought of being found out by his wife, the arrival of the old lady at an unexpected time, the entrance of the innocent husband with a valise as if just from Rochester, with other points, were most ingeniously evolved, and brought forward with telling effect. It was a clever French play, with all the brilliant wickedness, and theatrical finish of Paris, transformed into the sturdy Anglo-Saxon tongue. It tended to break up all confidence, and ridicule all ideal. It was scoffing, unsound, and, if viewed closely, degrading, having no element ennobling or inspiring in any way.

As Alvarez had been informed that this theatre exhibited nothing but adaptations of French plays,

and judging the one just witnessed to be a fair sample, he was naturally led into a reflection as to whether the theatre generally was an educator and leader of the public taste, or merely gave the people the sort of food they desired. After being informed that a play of this kind usually ran all winter, and had been found very profitable for a great number of seasons, he judged there must be something wrong in the people themselves to make the success of this sort of representations not only possible, but certain.

He revolved this in his mind as he emerged into the street and turned toward University place. As he passed by a bright-looking, tastefully-decorated restaurant, the entrance of which was down a few steps from the sidewalk, he was attracted by the inviting display, and stepped in for an ice. While stationed at a table there, a little to one side, Mr. Milman, accompanied by the same lady by whom he had been seated at the theatre, passed quickly through to one of the retired little rooms attached to the saloon. A waiter having hastened to receive orders, shortly after returned with a bottle of champagne on ice, and in a second trip brought glasses, some delicate cakes, and ice cream. Alvarez judged

the female relative from the country was going to be entertained in good style. It hardly entered his mind to suppose that he was again witnessing the enactment of a play similar in some respects to that which he had just left. He would, perhaps, have been still more puzzled had he heard Mrs. Milman's statement to his son that her husband was forced to be away that night on business.

Mr. Milman had not seen Alvarez either at the theatre or the saloon, and the latter had thought best not to endeavor to attract the attention of his banker. Our Brazilian was soon out in the moonlit street, walking quietly toward his hotel, ruminating upon what he had seen, and wondering also if Juan was having a good time.

As he passed a certain corner he observed a man, apparently intoxicated, stumble and fall. A burly policeman was upon him in a moment, and grasping him roughly by the collar, had dragged him to his feet. The semi-conscious individual, growing pugnacious, remonstrated against the treatment, and struck out wildly; but the brave policeman showered two or three heavy blows over the prisoner's head with his locust, and then rapped for assistance. A brother officer was quickly on the scene, and each

taking hold of an arm of the unresisting victim, were proceeding rapidly to convert him into an unrecognizable jelly. Alvarez, indignant, and full of pity for the wretch, rushed up.

"Why, officers!" cried he, "for shame! Don't kill the man!"

"Curse ye! what have you got to do with it?" answered one, fiercely.

"Only the instincts of a common humanity—"

"Lay him out, Tom!" shouted the other officer. "He's interferin' with the law. Take him in."

Alvarez suddenly found a heavy hand laid on his throat, which, being unexpected and accompanied with a half shove, sent him to the sidewalk, cutting a gash over his eye and temporarily stunning him. When he came to himself he was being dragged along to a station-house, behind the other unfortunate wretch whom he had endeavored to protect. His face was covered with blood, and his clothes were torn, while his senses were still somewhat scattered. Confronted, at the station-house, by the captain of the precinct, he was too much hurt to give any intelligent answer to questions put to him.

“A desperate fellow, sir,” said the officer having him in charge.

“What’s he been up to?”

“He was tryin’ to interfere with the law, sir, and help off the rascal we have along wid us.”

“Ah! incitin’ to riot, eh!” replied the captain, writing in his book. “Well, hand over his watch and pocket-book, and let’s have his shooting-iron, if he’s got one, and lock him up for the night. Kernan, you’ve done your duty well, and, Maloney, you’re not behind him this time.”



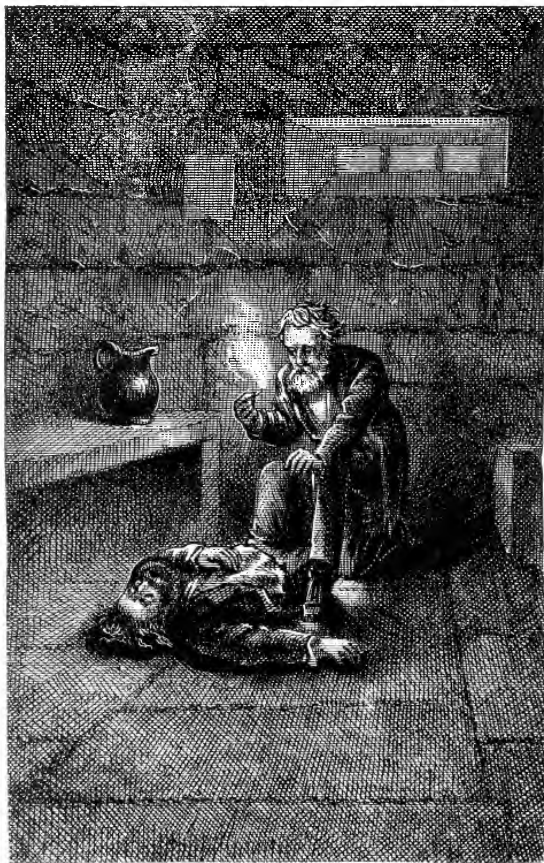


CHAPTER XVI.

ALAS! POOR YORICK.



LVAREZ, after some little time, came fully to himself, and, standing up, stretched his limbs, and was happy to find himself tolerably whole. He could not at first feel certain where he was, or how he came there, but gradually regaining his lost powers, the extent of his misfortunes, and the events which had led thereto, all came back to him. He was, however, a philosopher, and always inclined to take things as they came, without very much lamenting his fate. He looked around ; there was a dim light thrown in the cell, by the aid of which he indistinctly made out a human form prostrate on the floor near him. He scanned this



intently, but could not see enough to give him any intelligent ideas as to its personality.

After gazing some time, our traveler observed the figure move slightly, and at the same time, heard a moan as if of pain. All his sympathies were enlisted in a moment. He kneeled down beside the prostrate brother, and feeling in his pocket for a match, struck it and held it before the face of the unfortunate one. The man opened his eyes wearily, and Alvarez at once recognized the poor fellow who was indirectly the cause of his own imprisonment. The station-house had been pretty full when the prisoners arrived, and they had been thrust in a cell and locked up together.

“Poor fellow!” said Alvarez pityingly, “he is nearly killed! Cheer up, man,” continued he, louder, taking the wretch’s hand as his match went out, “it may yet be all well with you.”

“You’re kind, mister,” groaned the other, “but it’s all up with me this time, sure.”

“Nay, say not so. Can I do anything for you?”

“Ah, sir! a little water—may be—”

Alvarez groped around, peering in all directions, and at last discovered a stone pitcher with some

water. He hastened to hold it to the poor fellow's lips, who, after raising his head a little and drinking, again sank back on the floor. Alvarez took off his own coat and propped up his companion's head, and soaking his handkerchief in the water, bound it around those bloody temples. The battered wretch seemed a little revived, and opened his eyes wider.

"Thank'ee, mister, thank'ee, kindly," said he, in a low tone.

"You have been unfortunate to-night," said Alvarez.

"Everything is agin me, mister, and it's all come to once. I worn't allus a drinkin' man."

"Ah! Well, I am glad of that. But let us hope you will not be hereafter, for your own sake at least," said Alvarez.

"I was a mechanic, mister," continued the other, speaking with some difficulty, "and I had as likely a wife as need be, and a brace of brave lads. I worked hard myself, and the good woman saved, and we had scraped up nigh onto three hundred dollars, mister, and had it in the Carlton Savings Bank."

"That was praiseworthy, indeed. Every man

should deny himself and save something in times of prosperity.”

“Ay, mister, so we said. We wor goin’ West shortly, thinkin’, you know, it would be better for the boys. I had papers out on my life, too, mister, in case anything shud happen to me sudden-like, while the lads wor small, the old woman wud have somethin’ to fall back on; some little extra cash, you know, mister.”

“I understand—you had a small policy on your life, my friend; very thoughtful on your part.”

“We’d made a good many inquiries about the Bank, off and on, and every one said it wor first-class. It was in a big handsome buildin’, and a very big-talkin’ man for President. They had on their cards a good many big men, too. Beside that, my boss said, their showing was very good, and——”

“I see. Their sworn yearly statement showed a satisfactory surplus and investment of deposits.”

“I suppose so, mister. You put it better than me. But one day we heard there was somethin’ wrong, and one or two of our friends who had cash there, said they wor goin’ to take it out, so I thought I wud up and take mine out too. When I

came though, there wor fifty or more ahead of me and afore my turn, it wor too late that day. Next mornin' I went at four o'clock, and was first one ; at sunrise there wor more than two hundred behind me, and afore ten o'clock the people stretched down five blocks. But they never opened at all that day. A notice was put up, sayin' it was all right, but we must go home and wait. That's a year ago, and we never yet got one dollar."

"The scoundrels!" exclaimed Alvarez. "Certainly, according to my understanding of Savings Banks, they have no business to fail, and only by a plain violation of the law, can they do so. Men and women place their funds with them in trust, believing them subject to no risk whatever, as an ordinary business is." It was just as Alvarez was saying these words that Bella was pointing out to Juan the worthy officer of the institution in question, passing smilingly in review before them.

"A few days after this," continued the prisoner, "the insurance folks went up, too, and people said it was a great fraud. They'd showed lots of cash and lots of papers got out on lives, but they never had any cash, and the life papers wor never ordered and never took. But I wor quite discouraged like,

and didn't care. It seemed, mister, as if everythin' wor agin the poor man, and it wor foolish to stint and save, you know."

"Precisely, my friend. Your wrongs had made you desperate, and you believed further effort at economy useless."

"I spent as fast as I made then, and when our Brotherhood ordered a strike, I had to stop work, mister, and I had nothin' and I just let everythin' go to the dogs. The wife did what she could. I took to drink, and here I am."

The poor fellow at this point turned painfully on his side, and groaned aloud. The strong frame, the stout heart, the hopeful, cheerful nature, was a complete and utter wreck, as he lay there, a broken and bloody mass of wretched humanity. Vile as drunkenness is, as inexcusable in most cases, Alvarez mused silently over the fallen one before him, and wondered which, in the eyes of the Almighty, would be held most guilty—the comfortable bank president or the miserable victim before him?

The mechanic lay silent for so long a time that Alvarez judged that he had fallen asleep and did not disturb him. He was himself much exhausted,

and taking a seat on the floor he leaned against the wall and closed his eyes.

How long our traveler had slept he knew not, but the light of the sun was streaming in the cell when he fully awoke. His first thought was for his companion, whom he saw lying perfectly quiet, partly on his face. Going to him softly Alvarez was startled to observe the rigid look of his features, and taking his hand shuddered to find it ice cold. The poor forlorn wreck, once a good bark laden with hope, and sailing on the ocean of life, had gone to pieces at last and was no more. Alvarez uttered a silent prayer, and covered up the poor face with his handkerchief, and straightened those once stalwart limbs as well as he could.

At last the officer in charge came, with some breakfast for the prisoners, and uttered an exclamation of impatience and disgust at finding one of them dead. The live one was quickly taken out, and after awhile handcuffed to a stalwart negro, and shoved into the Black Maria, which was already full to stifling. He was soon with his undesirable companions rattling down town toward the Tombs.

Police Justice Michael C. Rooney came into court about ten o'clock, as the handcuffed prison-

ers, penned up in a corner like sheep, were awaiting his pleasure. The Justice was a well-known runner of the machine in his ward, and popular with the "boys." He always made it as easy for them as he could, and never neglected any of their friends if properly notified about the matter. Sticking by one's friends, and friends' friends, was a maxim the Justice had always strictly adhered to and believed in, a principle of which, at that time, the Chief Magistrate of the nation was likewise an ardent advocate.

Quickly disposing of the crowd of vagabonds and law-breakers with whom the unfortunate Brazilian had been accompanied, the mighty judge at length reached the case in which we are interested.

"Here, you, sir," cried his Honor, beckoning to Alvarez, "stand up here."

Alvarez had had no opportunity to attend to his toilet. His face was unwashed, his hair unkempt, while his clothes were torn and dirty. Besides this, the coat which he had generously removed to make a pillow for his dying comrade, he had not recovered, and he had therefore been obliged to appear ingloriously in his shirt sleeves.

"What's his name?" asked the judge of Officer

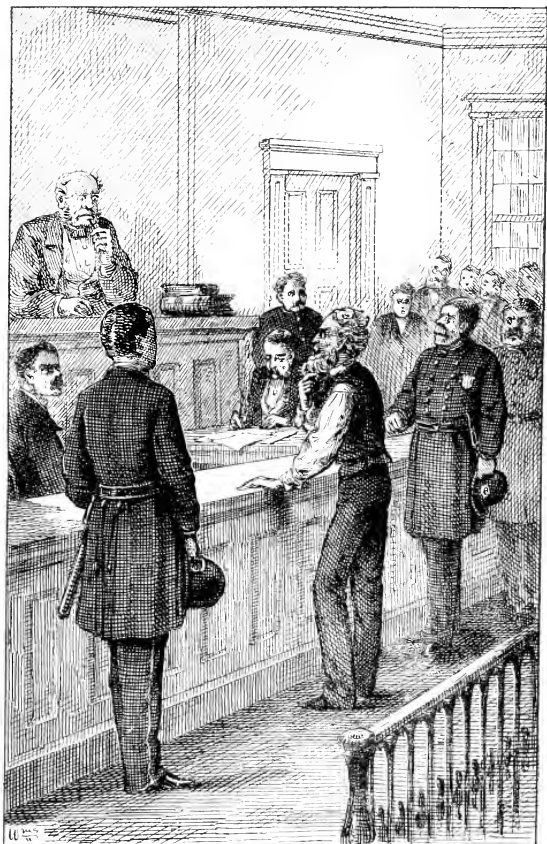
Maloney, who was standing there bareheaded, with Officer Kernan a short distance off.

"He wouldn't give any name, yer Honor, at the station," answered the officer. "He went for us, Kernan and me, in the street, and tried to get a man off we had just nabbed."

"'Tis false," cried Alvarez, indignantly, "I——"

"Silence! you villain," roared the justice, "Will you attempt to browbeat this court? I'll attend to your case, you dirty rascal! Here, officer, take him around and lock him up, and bring him here again to-morrow at twelve o'clock. Maybe he'll be tamed a little by that time."

So our traveler was taken by the arm, and roughly shoved down the stairs, out of the courtroom, and around into the prison yard, and so up into a cell on the second tier. Left there to his reflections, he was miserable. He felt sick at heart at the unjust and unexpected treatment he was receiving; he felt physically unwell from loss of sleep and insufficient food, from foul air and contact with vile companions. The thought, too, that Juan must be anxiously awaiting his coming, and in an agony of suspense at his prolonged absence, made him



unhappy. He hesitated about sending word to his son, thinking it might be possible to get released during the day. He thought, therefore, of Blodson, and concluded, as he would probably need a lawyer's services to extricate himself, he would send for his acquaintance. Calling the jailer, he requested from him a pencil and bit of paper, and the services of a messenger. The jailer said the prisoner could have anything he wanted, if he was ready to pay for it. Thereupon the required articles were produced, as well as a basin of water with a brush and comb, and a messenger was said to be ready outside. Alvarez wrote a few words to Blodson, requesting his immediate attendance.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, Blodson sent up word from the counsel room, that he was ready for an interview, and Alvarez was conducted thither.

"Why, Señor!" cried Blodson, shaking hands, "this is unfortunate."

"Yes, sir. The law sometimes works injustice."

"And our gallant police sometimes makes mistakes, eh!"

"Precisely."

"But it is a grave thing, Señor, to interfere with the officers of the law, which I see by the entry you

are charged with. How did it happen?" Thereupon Alvarez related the full circumstances, the fearful beating the poor intoxicated man was receiving, from the effects of which he had afterwards died, his own remonstrance by word of mouth, his consequent arrest and confinement, with the preliminary hearing already had.

The lawyer stated he would be on hand next day at noon, and so left, not before stating, however, that his retaining fee would be one hundred dollars. For this amount, Alvarez gave him an order on Milman, and was then conducted back to his cell.

He was still in doubt as to whether he ought yet to notify his son of his condition, but at length, concluding it would be cruelty to keep the young man longer in suspense, he decided to send a note. The former messenger was again employed, and as this had been the fifteenth time that day he had been out on various errands, and as each time he had taken some spiritual refreshment by the way, he could hardly be called in as good a condition for this fifteenth trip as for the first. However, he sallied out, but meeting a friend and determining to be convivial to the last, the fifteenth effort at imbibing proved too much for his endurance. He

sank to slumber by a board fence, in a vacant lot, with Alvarez's note snugly tucked inside his hat.

Another morning arrived, and at length, the clocks struck twelve, upon which Alvarez was waited on by an officer, and conducted into the court-room, where he found Blodson in waiting.

"Well, sir," cried Justice Rooney, as our Brazilian stood before him, looking somewhat more respectable than he had the day before, for he had procured a coat from the jailer. "Well, sir, are you ready to give your name and business yet?"

"Certainly, your honor."

"Out with it, then."

"I am Pedro Alvarez, gentleman and traveler, from Brazil."

The justice gave a low whistle, and scrutinized him a little more closely.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"May it please your honor, I am here to answer for the prisoner," said Blodson, rising.

Justice Rooney regarded him with a prolonged scowl, and then burst forth:

"You are, eh, you accursed pettyfogger? Well, he won't need your services, I can tell you."

Blodson reddened, but kept his temper.

“May it please the court, I have examined the complaint against the prisoner, and I find nothing to warrant his being held. He is a gentleman, who, in passing along the street, saw two officers beating a man to death—”

“Enough, sir. I’ll hear no insinuations against two worthy officers. Prisoner, you will need no counsel here—better dismiss this fellow at once.”

“Sir, I’ll dismiss myself,” cried Blodson. “I see I can do my client no good before such a court as this. But, look out for yourself, Judge! I’ll have you bounced inside of six months, or my name’s not Blodson.”

“Leave the court, you scoundrel!” cried the justice, in a rage, after the retreating lawyer. “Now, sir,” continued he, calming down a little, and again addressing the prisoner, “do you want to settle, or shall I send you up?”

“Settle!” exclaimed Alvarez, somewhat bewildered, “I—I—really—”

“Here, officer, since the prisoner is so thick-headed, take him back and lock him up. We’ll try him again to-morrow at twelve o’clock.”

So the mystified Brazilian was again dragged out of the court, and around into the prison.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE IMPOSTOR STANDS EXPOSED.



AN hour after, Blodson again sent up word to Alvarez, and another interview took place.

“I couldn’t do any good before that judge,” said the lawyer.

“Indeed! and why not?” inquired the Brazilian. “Is not one man bound to administer the law as well as another?”

“Who, Rooney? Why, my dear sir, he only got the nomination by the skin of his teeth. He lives up in our ward, and I worked against him last election, and he knows it. He’d send an innocent man up in a minute if I had anything to do with him, and he thought he could spite me. Be-

sides, he wants to serve the two officers that made the arrest a good turn ; they are political friends of his. Yours is not an exceptional case, by any means, Señor."

Alvarez said nothing, but gazed sadly and intently on the ground.

"Now, my plan in your case," continued Blodson, "is to send you a lawyer that is a personal friend of Rooney, and helped elect him. He'll get you out all right in a few hours. I'll go to see him forthwith. But I want your affidavit about this matter, which I'll hang on to and make it warm for Rooney some of these days." With that Blodson left, and our Brazilian was once more put under lock and key.

In the afternoon he was visited by the second lawyer, and a very brief interview took place.

"Ah ! Señor Alvarez. Mr. Blodson has told me about your matter. Here's my card."

"Mr. Mulheany ! Glad to make your acquaintance."

"You need my services, Señor?"

"I presume so, since Mr. Blodson says he cannot help me."

"Well, sir, one hundred dollars will do the

business, upon which I will engage to have you released before night."

"But, sir, I have already paid Mr. Blodson the same amount."

"With that of course I have nothing to do. We are in no way connected."

Alvarez stroked his beard undecidedly.

"Had I not better state the case to you first, so you may judge of the merits?" asked Alvarez.

"Not at all necessary, my dear sir, and I am short of time just now. A check is all that is required," replied the lawyer.

Alvarez reluctantly wrote another order on Milman for the required amount, and Mr. Mulheany departed. Later in the day he returned and reported to his client.

"I congratulate you, Señor, you are a free man."

"At last!" exclaimed Alvarez with a sigh.

"Yes, Mr. Muldoon has an order from the judge for your immediate discharge, and will bring it around shortly."

"Let us go then, at once."

"But, Señor."

"Well, what now?"

“The officers were brave and efficient, and the judge wishes them rewarded.”

“Brave!” cried our traveler in scorn, “for a strong man, armed with a club, to beat one unarmed and intoxicated, and then call another to help him! Efficient! to arrest me, an inoffensive gentleman, for saying a kind word, and throw me in jail charged with inciting to riot, when there was not another soul in the street!”

“Softly, Señor, softly. The police has to keep the peace, and an officer likes to show his alertness. Now when you go for your valuables to the station, if you should leave a bill for each of them, it would encourage them, and please the judge——”

“Never, sir, never. With what face can I reward men who have killed a human being before my eyes, and worked a grievous wrong on me? My hand would wither.”

“But, Señor——”

“Enough, sir, enough. Let them take all. I shall not go near the accursed place to claim the property, and care not if I never see it again.”

The lawyer seemed satisfied, and with this the conversation ceased.

In a short time Mr. Muldoon came around.

When this gentleman's name had been mentioned, Alvarez was a little puzzled to know who he could be, but had said nothing. The party soon introduced himself.

"I'm Patrick Muldoon, sir, and I have your order of release safe in my pocket."

"Thank you, Mr. Muldoon," said our Brazilian, humbly. "Shall we go at once?"

"Yes, sir, as quick as you like. But here is the bill, showing the balance you owe our firm."

"Firm! What firm?" inquired Alvarez, putting on his glasses.

"Indeed, sir, you must know I'm Mr. Mulheany's partner."

"Partner! I didn't know he had a partner, and didn't care. I paid him a hundred dollars for his services, and that was to be the end of it."

"Not much, my dear sir. The firm is Mulheany and Muldoon. If Mr. Mulheany had no partner he might be as generous as he pleased; but you see he has. The balance due is just ninety-seven dollars and twenty-five cents. A check for that will end the matter."

"Not one dollar more, sir."

“Ah, Señor, all right. If you like your quarters and companions here so well, I may as well bid you good-day.”

He was about to go, when the harassed and desperate Alvarez called him back.

“Give me the pen and paper, and let me end this accursed bondage.”

The order for the money was soon written, the release soon effected, and our Brazilian stood in the street once more a free man.

The jailer had been informed that by sending to the hotel in the morning, he would find his money enclosed for him, and was content.

The lamps were being lighted as Alvarez emerged into the street. He felt a natural reluctance to getting in a public car, even if he had had the necessary coin in his pocket, which he had not ; and he therefore concluded to walk to the hotel, although a distance of several miles. Full of bitter reflections upon his recent experience, he moved slowly and sadly along, looking neither to right nor left.

The prolonged absence of his son after having had a message sent to him, was most unaccountable. Alvarez began to fear that something fatal had hap-

pened to Juan, and concluded that he never could have reached the hotel in safety. His own experience having been so remarkable and unexpected, and his observations, so far, of the possibilities of a residence among the American people having been so unfortunate, he was prepared for the worst, and would scarcely have been surprised, had he found Juan kidnapped and shipped off as a slave, or any other unheard-of disaster. Depressed in spirits and physically weak, he trudged wearily along, unmindful of the passers-by.

And Juan, it must not be supposed, during this time, was either tranquil or happy. He had arrived at the hotel about noon, on the day following the party. In the society of Bella, the hours had glided along so delightfully, and he had, withal, surrounded himself by an atmosphere so romantic, that he knew not whether he had been bewitched or not. Of one thing he was positive, he had never before been so happy. Brought up in seclusion, entirely away from all female society of his own age or station, the presence of the American young lady was, to him, an entirely new existence.

In this delightful frame of mind he reached the

hotel, only to find his father most mysteriously absent, his bed not slept in, and none of the hotel people having seen him since the evening before. One of the clerks mentioned about the consultation with regard to the different theatres, and judged from that, he had gone to one of them ; but that was all he knew. Full of anxiety and alarm, the young man resolved to search the morning papers carefully before commencing any extended inquiry. He was bewildered with the multitude of crimes and casualties that were detailed, not only from the two cities but from all parts of the country. It seemed to him as if he read of more villainous transactions and more frightful accidents that morning, than he had heard of in all his life before.

There was one extended account of two brave officers, who had the night before, in effecting the arrest of a burglar in the very act of breaking in a dwelling between midnight and one o'clock, had been charged on by a most desperate outlaw, at the head of a band of followers, in an attempt to rescue the captured confederate.

The account detailed the coolness and courage of the two representatives of the law, who though outnumbered, had held their ground, and finally

succeeded in bearing off the would-be burglar, as well as the aforesaid leader of the assault. Even had he been present at the actual arrest of his parent, Juan would scarcely have recognized this narrative, but as it was he saw not the slightest connection between the event and anything that could interest him.

A few lines in another part of the paper gave the description of an elderly gentleman, who had been fished out of the East river, somewhat cut about the head and stripped of his valuables, but about whom nothing was discovered whereby he could be identified. Juan's heart sank within him as he thought, that in some particulars he recognized his beloved father. The body was on mournful exhibition at the Morgue, waiting for a claimant. In a tremor of apprehension and despair, the young man hastened thither. Upon arrival and admittance, scarcely daring to look at the pitiable object which lay, half naked, with the cool water dripping over him, and the clothes that were his when living hanging over his head, Juan, at length, mustered up courage sufficient to investigate, and become positive that the poor clay on exhibition there was not the object of his search.

Night approached, and still the alarmed, and now desperate, son was as much at sea as ever. Pale and haggard, he waited and watched most of the night, but toward morning sunk into an uneasy slumber. As soon after breakfast as he thought there was any possibility of seeing Mr. Milman he hastened to his office, and laid his trouble before him. The banker was as much perplexed as the young man, but advised visiting the central police office and putting advertisements at once in all the evening papers, to be followed by similar advertisements in the morning papers. The advice was followed without delay, and late in the afternoon Juan again sought the hotel.

In taking up and scanning the last edition of the "Lightning Flash," shortly after, what was the young man's astonishment and indignation to find in great head-lines, in a prominent column on the front page :

ANOTHER FRAUD EXPOSED.

A NOBLEMAN BEFORE A MAGISTRATE.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL IN LIMBO.

FELONY, ASSAULT AND DRUNKENNESS.

The account that followed was most remarkable. It gave a synopsis of the preliminary examination had before Justice Rooney that morning, with a most glowing description of the circumstances of the arrest, the alleged crime, and so on, and then proceeded to unfold who the criminal really was. A most clever adventurer, with a pretended son, had been passing himself off as a nobleman of standing from Brazil, and had even gone so far as to hint his actually being the Emperor himself, traveling incognito. His opportune arrest at a time when he was caught in the very act of a heinous offense had, however, interrupted his daring machinations.

Juan started to his feet crushing the paper in his hand, and gnashing his teeth. He hastened to the office of the hotel, and inquired how he could get in the city prison, and was told only with an order from a judge of the court. Where did Justice Rooney live? The hotel clerk gave it up. In an agony of despair Juan rushed out in the street, hardly knowing what he was about. One block away from the hotel, he encountered his father wearily dragging himself along. They locked themselves in one another's embrace, and in silence,

shed tears upon each other's neck, very much to the amazement of the passers-by.

The morning journals took up the strain sounded by the "Lightning Flash." The account of the whole affair, from beginning to end, was much more fully detailed, with the pretended nobleman's movements, since he had assumed his rôle, and the effort to shove his son into good society. One journal even went so far as to give a history of the gang to which the would-be Emperor belonged, with the conception of the design and the nearness with which he had worked it out.

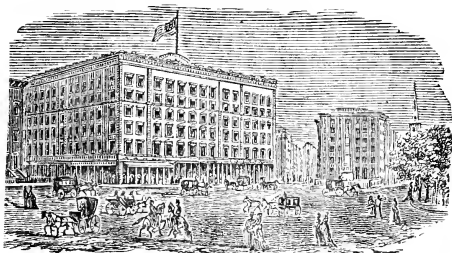
The burden of the editorial comment in all was the ease with which our people were continually imposed upon by these bogus lords, and the great eagerness with which Americans, in spite of their pretended contempt for nobility, ran after and lionized anyone who gave the slightest indication of having gentle blood in his veins. The cleverness of the rascal in question in playing upon his universal weakness, was acknowledged by all the papers to have been most admirable.



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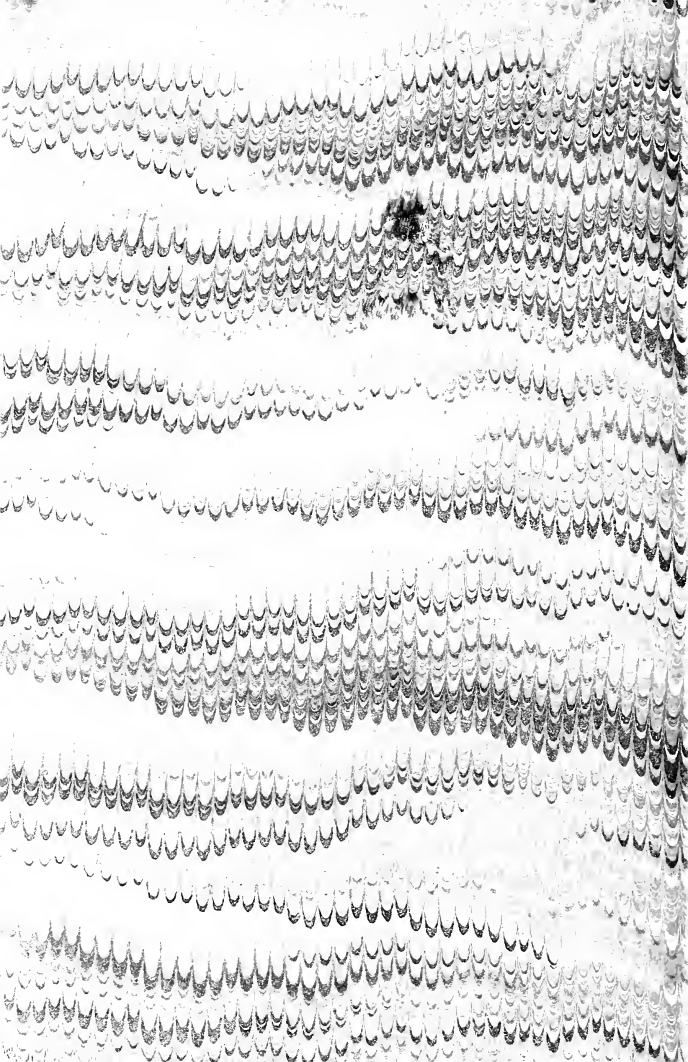
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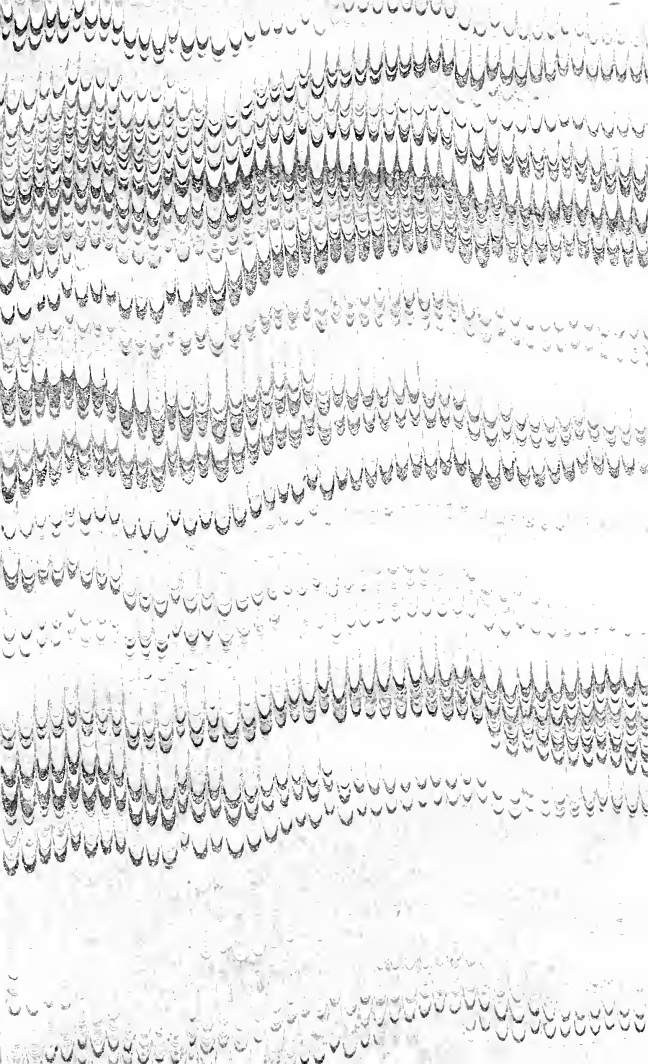
Hon. Stephen H. Rhodes, Commissioner for Massachusetts, says: "The United States Life is SOUND TO THE CORE and in a very creditable and flourishing condition. No life company in this country has ever been subjected to a more thorough and severe scrutiny. Its books, accounts, and collaterals, its policy liabilities and agency accounts, were gone into with a minute detail which left no room for the slightest concealment or misapprehension. Its mortgages were actually appraised, and notwithstanding the decline in the value of real estate, were found to afford the most abundant security, giving evidence of remarkable discernment and soundness of judgment in selection from this class of securities. As the company is perfectly sound, and can afford to challenge criticism, the effect of the very thorough examination we have made will only be to increase its popularity, and confirm the confidence now reposed in its management. The movement will only serve to advertise the company and draw public attention to its solid condition."

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